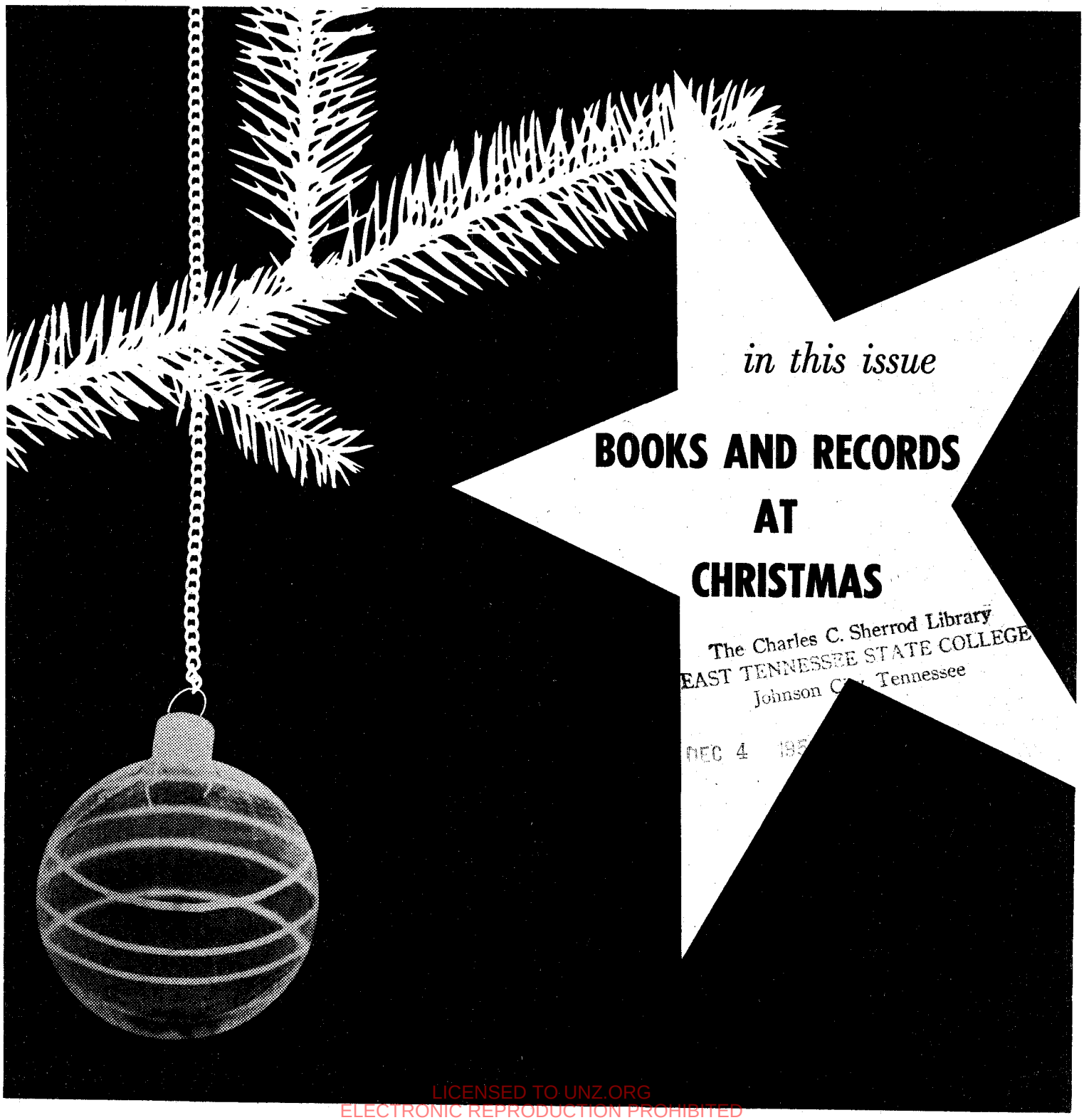
20c • DECEMBER 7, 1953

STEVENSON AND THE SOUTH

New Republic



in this issue

BOOKS AND RECORDS AT CHRISTMAS

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

The carefully guarded attaché case that Ike's secretary carries on vacation is not filled with state documents but Westerns. An important point. In Westerns people are goodies or badies. In Westerns the goodies triumph. Declaring that the accused should always have opportunity to face their accusers, Ike last week quoted Wild Bill Hickok—a goodie of whom we are confident Ike knows a lot more than Truman, just as Truman perhaps knows more about Jefferson and Hamilton, of whom he spent long hours reading as President.

Ike is for the goodies and says so. At the Dartmouth commencement last Spring Ike overheard some men attacking book-burning just before he spoke; he found out what it was about and came out against it.

Sometimes this willingness to enlist with the goodies leads to trouble. For instance Ike repudiated the ignoble idea that, as President, he would participate in local elections. After three false starts he wound up in favor of the election of any Republican, at any place, at any time. This was a long way from his point of departure—but there are complications in Westerns, too. The Hickok code of facing your accuser is, of course, exactly contrary to the McLeod code in the fear-ridden State Department. These little inconsistencies will creep in. Ike authorized the Brownell speech and then said he hoped the espionage issue would be all over before next election. Everybody smiled amiably. It's nice to have a President on the side of the goodies!

Everyone was pleased that weather was sunny and moderate at Augusta last week as he relaxed with grandchildren at "Mamie's Cabin," a tight little 12-room affair built on the grounds of the exclusive National Golf Course. There was a speech by a man named McCarthy, but it seemed a long way away. And anyway the Administration hasn't decided yet whether McCarthy is a goodie or a badie.

Writing from Ottawa last week *New York Times*man Raymond Daniell reported members of the Canadian House of Commons "rocked with laughter" as Foreign Minister Lester Pearson gave the real facts on a J. Edgar Hoover report. This column last week told how Attorney General Brownell had made selective use of a confidential Hoover report in the Harry Dexter White case, omitting significant material. But Brownell did put one complete February 1, 1946, Hoover letter into the record, of which about a third told how FBI suspicions against White were corroborated from "sources high-placed in the Canadian Government." It was this that caused the Canadian merriment and provided, incidentally, about the first opportunity for appraisal of the value of FBI material by a source uninhibited by the myth of Hoover infallibility. Pearson now explains that a third party in Canada was merely transmitting back to Washington a reminder based on questions about White originally emanating from the FBI. Putting it another way, Hoover had caught the radar echo of his own signal.

We don't mean to exculpate White, but the way Hoover dressed up and padded out this "Canadian" evidence makes us wonder about the "30 sources" upon which he says he drew. Was this one typical?

Russia moved adroitly to side-step blame for blocking a four-power conference. It suddenly dropped its unacceptable terms, but Russia's basic hostility seems unchanged and its objective continues to be to lure France into further delays. Premier Laniel got his vote of confidence in Paris, but actually he is shakier than before. The Bermuda conference turns into courtship of vacillating France, drained by its continuing war in Indo-China. It seems to be now or never for the united Europe program and a joint army that includes Germany. Will France sign the EDC treaty? France would not want a smaller army in Europe than Germany's, but Germany has no Indonesian burden like France's to carry.

In this crisis, according to our understanding, Ike will carry certain guaranties to Bermuda: one that US troops in Europe will be retained at their present, or larger, levels and that they will be able to employ new atomic weapons.

Britain may have concessions for France, too. One of Churchill's purposes at Bermuda is said to be to enlist Ike into a larger measure of leadership in global affairs. Whimsically enough this is just the object of Ike's supporters in the USA.

The *New York Times* in many ways represents the best in journalism, and it is instructive to note how it consistently aids McCarthy. Every day at the Ft. Monmouth, N. J., secret hearings the *Times* dutifully reported McCarthy's uncorroborated version of what transpired. "Radar Witness Breaks Down, Will Tell All About Spy Ring" was a typical headline. It is now generally accepted that the affair was a hoax. The Army says it found no espionage. The *Times* hates McCarthy but under the rigid system of "factual" reporting it builds him up, as contrasted to the more flexible British system of "interpretative" writing. Our way—the answer never catches up with the lie.

Notes: The hitherto conservative American Farm Bureau Federation may oust president Allan Kline in its mid-December Chicago convention; that will mean swinging away from the Kline-Benson program already attacked by the other big farm groups. . . . Ike is, of course, angry at McCarthy's oblique attack but will presumably temporize; firmness is not, after all, a strong point of the Administration. . . . The last four months corporation-tax collections have apparently plummeted while individual payroll deductions stayed firm; possible explanation is the "economy" dropping of 150 field auditors by the Revenue Bureau since July and a simultaneous cut of 70 revenue agents who examine corporate-tax returns. . . . Full Puerto Rican independence might cut off present mass immigration to the heart of Manhattan; a new Latin ghetto is growing there with a new political Tammany Hall to service it. . . . Budget balancers and defense men are about ready to bring their clash into the open; the issue is Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey's proposed $6 billion additional budget slash.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Those Confounded Federal Laws

SECRETARY OF INTERIOR Douglas McKay has expressed disapproval of federal water-resource development with monotonous regularity and increasing bluntness. And he frequently is heard voicing horror at federal encroachment in state affairs. He is, of course, dedicated to destroying that many headed monster "creeping socialism." McKay already sports a goodly number of scalps—Hell's Canyon, etc.—and is about to add another—the Central Valley Project.

Like others in the present Administration, McKay is not happy with many of the laws he has sworn to enforce. Among them are the regulations which require publicly financed projects like CVP to give priority to public bodies in the sale of power and to supply only family-size farms with water for irrigation.

For years now, the owners of giant properties and the private utilities have pressured Congress to rescind these regulations. They have failed. Now McKay has launched what looks very much like a double move to nullify them. As one small California farmer said: "He ain't taking no chances on this one."

On the one hand, McKay is looking for a way to sell CVP to California—at a fraction of its cost—which Congress will approve, thereby creating precedent and pattern for removing other such projects from federal jurisdiction. On the other hand, he is vitiating the laws piecemeal by giving the Pacific Gas and Electric Company a choice dam site in the heart of the CVP on the Kings River, and by renegotiating irrigation contracts which include the anti-land-monopoly regulations.

Kings River is one of the last remaining underdeveloped power sources in California. It pours down the Western slope of the Sierra Nevada range into the arid San Joaquin Valley and its systematic exploitation is essential to full Central Valley development. A $50 million tax-built dam at Pine Flat has made the power potential of its North Fork extremely valuable. PG&E wants a 50-year license to tap that potential for private profit and without regard for public priority. The US Government has opposed the license for four years. But McKay, in that now familiar way of his, has withdrawn the government's opposition. Obviously, if McKay's plans to sell CVP were blocked in Congress and the North Fork of the Kings River developed with public funds, the power would be sold in accord with those federal laws he doesn't much like.

In a companion effort to do administratively what Congress has refused to do, McKay plans to change the contracts between California water districts and the CVP. Five contracts are in question. They embody the anti-land-monopoly features of the Reclamation Law. This kind of contract has been approved over and over again by voters at the polls, and overwhelmingly upheld by the courts. Since the five contracts now contested conform to the laws of California, they are being defended by the state's Attorney General, Edmund G. Brown. He is confident that these, like the others, will also be upheld. Apparently, McKay thinks so too since he—the champion of non-interference with state affairs—has asked Brown to drop the suits so that the contracts can be renegotiated.

"They've been mechanized since Bill Hickok's Day"

Since the present contracts satisfy all others, renegotiating can only move in one direction—towards satisfying those who have always fought them as they now stand. Doomed to defeat in the courts again, already defeated again and again in Congress, this group boasts that it has found a way to circumvent both courts and Congress—a way which leads through the carpeted halls of the Department of Interior. Clearly something is "creeping."

Poll-Tax Fight

IN 1901, Alabama's "Big Mules"—the financially powerful conservatives—pushed a poll-tax clause into the state constitution with the avowed purpose of restricting both white and Negro votes. Now that clause is being challenged by liberal and labor groups in the first stage of a campaign to put "Big Jim" Folsom in the Governor's mansion, re-elect Sen. John Sparkman, and repeal the anti-union "right-to-work" law.

The poll-tax clause provides that before he can vote any person who has not previously paid poll tax shall hand over $1.50 for each year he has lived in the state since 1901. A liberal-sponsored amendment substituting a maximum of $3 for the $36 now possible has already passed the legislature and will be voted on in a special referendum December 15. Almost every women's organization in the state and all daily newspapers have joined labor in support of the amendment, claiming it will double the number of women and greatly increase the number of men qualified to vote in the state. Victory on this issue would facilitate the revision of other stiff registration requirements which further limit Alabama's electorate.

The opposition is led by the "Big

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Mules" who are exploiting the racial issue to win over the Southern—"Black Belt"—counties. And they have been joined by a majority of the Jefferson County Democratic Committee, although most of the Northern county committees favor the amendment.

The state's liberal forces believe that by increasing the number of eligible voters they can break the conservative grip on the legislature—in which nearly one-half of the population is represented by less than one-third of the members—and elect a Governor committed to repeal of anti-union legislation. Sparkman, under heavy attack by the "race hate" forces for his pro-FEPC speeches, is also expected to benefit.

Shrapnel and a Heart

MRS. OLIVE CLAPPER, Washington director of CARE, supplied Columnist Peter Edson with this bit of McCarthyana. One day in 1947 when Mrs. Clapper was lunching with several Senator's wives at the Capitol, the then obscure Senator McCarthy came up to say hello to the ladies he knew. He was introduced to Mrs. Clapper.

"Oh," said Joe. And he waxed sympathetic over her husband's untimely death while on a combat mission in the Pacific. "You know," said Joe, "before Ray went on that assignment, he came to see me in Wisconsin." As the ladies watched, Joe pulled an ordinary yellow pencil from his breast pocket. "Ray left this pencil on my desk. I always carry it next to my heart."

Warm were the glances that followed Joe's departure. Mental notes for invitations to tea and, yes, dinner were made. Such a nice, sentimental young man. But amid the appreciative murmurs, Mrs. Clapper sat strangely silent, her mind occupied with staid, lusterless dates. Her husband, the great newspaper columnist, had left the US in December '43, flown *directly* from Washington to Honolulu, and died over the Marshall Islands less than two months later.

The Russian Note

THE UNITED STATES, Great Britain and France have been inviting Russia to a Foreign Ministers' Conference on Germany since last July. The results, two Moscow hedges followed by a note stipulating impossible conditions—dismantlement of the security arrangements in Europe and a full-dress, five-power discussion with Red China. Then, on the eve of the European Defense Community showdown in Paris, Moscow withdrew these conditions and declared herself ready to talk.

So once again Russia demonstrated her power to influence greatly Western unity, policy and action by simply easing or tightening the screws. In France, the Laniel government was making a great show of wagering its life upon the Assembly's approval of the European Defense Community. Actually, the final wording of the motion put before the Assembly was so vague that a favorable vote could not in any way be construed as an endorsement of a European Army containing German soldiers.

Yet the Laniel government survived to represent the French nation at Bermuda by the scant margin of 31 votes only because the Gaullist deputies abstained. Such is the strength of those who prefer always to take one more chance with Russia rather than grapple with the difficult and dangerous task of uniting Europe on a basis of French-German co-operation. Yet it seems unlikely that anything less than a structure of unity, independent of Cold War pressures and existing by grace of a mandate which cannot be snatched away at the whim of some one participant changing ghosts in midstream, will free the West to act postively in its own interests.

The Russian diplomatic offensive has been reopened. And it is coupled to an unrelenting trade offensive offering ever-more-enticing prizes.

End of A Truce?

A TACIT TRUCE which has endured throughout most of this century between Protestant and Roman Catholic seems to be breaking down. The Most Rev. Geoffrey F. Fisher, Anglican Primate of England, is reported by the *New York Times* to have charged the Roman Catholic Church with intolerance and oppression. And now the general council of the Presbyterian Church in this country, speaking for some 2.5 million people, has warned of "truth subtly and silently dethroned by prominent public figures.

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. . . A painful illustration . . . is that men and women should be publicly condemned upon the uncorroborated word of former Communists. Many of these witnesses have done no more . . . than transfer their allegiance from one authoritarian system to another."

Protestants say that in order to avoid attacks by McCarthy upon their agencies and bureaus, government officials have increasingly employed Roman Catholics as security and personnel officers. As a result, the proportion of Roman Catholics dismissed from government is low, of Protestants, high.

Apparently, not one of the dismissed State Department officials is a Roman Catholic. And a Protestant analysis of Foreign Operations Administration dismissals indicates that 80 percent involved Protestants; many of the Roman Catholics making up the remaining 20 percent were later rehired. If the present trend continues, say the Protestants, a minority group will hold a majority of federal jobs.

The Protestant community now suspects that the attack spearheaded by McCarthy actually is directed as much against Protestantism as against Communism. Supporting evidence is not conclusive. But the McCarthys add to it each day, threatening to still further intensify, by adding a new and dangerous dimension, the bitterness in our land.

Houston Again

TEXAS has an elective State Board of Education, set up in 1949 in a reform wave to replace the old political board appointed by the Governor.

When a 15-member teachers textbook committee brought in a recommendation that all reference to the United Nations Covenant on Human Rights be deleted from all the world history books adopted for use in Texas public schools, the elected board stood fast. Jack Binion, Houston attorney, and Dr. W. W. Jackson, former college president from San Antonio, led the fight to put the human rights declaration back in the books. It took much of a day to get it done, but finally, the Binion motion carried, 12 to 3, and the teacher report was rejected.

Binion, in whose home town the most active Minute Women organization in Texas operates, went home expecting protesting phone calls all night long—from Houston UN-haters. Dr. Jackson told the board that the UN declaration is a fact of history, and leaving it out wouldn't change it. He warned that they were coming close to thought control.

This is the same board which last year ordered textbook publishers to send in non-Communist affidavits from the authors and illustrators of their books—dead or alive.

Twenty Long Years

SECRETARY of Interior Douglas McKay has just approved and signed 20-year contracts between the Bonneville Power Administration and three privately owned public utilities in the Pacific Northwest. They will basically alter federal power policy in that area and may well throttle long-range industrial development. The contracts with Portland General Electric, Mountain State Power Company, and Pacific Power and Light Company have been signed. Washington Water Power Company has indicated an intention to sign a similar contract, and the two remaining firms in the region, Puget Sound and California-Oregon, are expected to follow.

When the earlier draft of these contracts was publicized last May by Sen. Wayne Morse, there was a great protest from publicly owned utilities and industries in the region. They detected a definite policy to squeeze public buyers out in favor of privately owned distributors of power, purchasing directly from Bonneville.

The new draft, now signed, was altered largely as a result of the protests of such large buyers of power as the Aluminum Company of America. But it still contains the seeds of a future power crisis in the Pacific Northwest. Under a long-standing policy, first laid down in the days of Theodore Roosevelt, and specifically incorporated in the BPA act of 1937, publicly owned power distributors, such as Public Utility Districts, municipal power systems and rural electrification co-operatives, are to be given preference in the BPA contracts. In practice, moreover, the BPA has also attracted a great deal of basic industry to the Columbia Basin with its $17.50 per-kilowatt year rate.

The new contract recognizes, on the one hand, the priority requirements of the 1937 act, and the previous commitments for firm power to industry. It applies an elaborate scheme of priority to the allocation of additional power:

1. To meet the needs of public bodies in accordance with the priority clause.

2. To fulfill present contracts with industry.

3. To allocate the next 500,000 kilowatts (approximately one-fifth the present federal power generation) to private utilities.

4. The next 70,000 kilowatts (about enough to operate one aluminum potline) to expansion of existing industrial plants.

5. The next one million kilowatts to private utilities.

6. Any surplus beyond the above to be disposed of at the discretion of the BPA administrator.

Actually, the chances of getting beyond step No. 5 of this scheme are very slight.

Under the priority clause, publicly owned distributors can, theoretically, continue to increase their drain on the BPA. But if industry is held constant there will be pressure from the private utilities to revoke the preference clause in order to supply the growing needs of private utilities.

There is ample reason to believe that this is exactly what both the Eisenhower-McKay Administration and private utilities want to do. They could call a halt to industrial expansion on federally generated power and at the same time curtail the growth of publicly owned distribution of power to retail consumers.

It should be noted that there are, from the Administration's point of view, two very strong reasons for slowing down the industrial use of the BPA power here. In the first place, Republicans from industrial strongholds in the East and Midwest look with great disfavor on what they term federal subsidy of industrial growth in the Pacific Northwest. Local private utilities, moreover, prefer to sell to strictly retail consumers rather than large industrial buyers. It is not as easy to drive a good rate bargain with large corporate buyers of power as it is to obtain lush rates from state public utility commissions who are subject to political pressure.

The result, therefore, of these new BPA contracts will undoubtedly be strong private-utility pressure to modify the preference clause, and to curtail drastically the industrial development of an area whose potentialities depend upon federal generation and transmission of a power potential amounting to 40 percent of the entire nation's electric energy.

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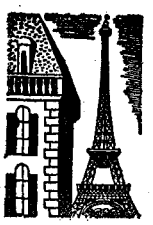
Paris Dispatch: THE LEADERSHIP OF EUROPE

The legislators of the fourth French Republic are way ahead of GOP Washington in the technique of government by postponement. At a time when the need to solve world problems is stepping up perilously to jet-rocket speed, they still indulge in the dangerous luxury of playing old-fashioned sling-shot and spit-ball domestic politics at leisurely horse-and-buggy tempo.

Hard to believe though it may be, the debate in the French National Assembly on foreign policy at the end of November was the first general parliamentary discussion of such urgent matters as the EDC in 21 months.

Many of the men who rule France by the processes of parliamentary democracy showed no sign of being aware during the discussions that the eyes of the whole free world were upon them; that they were, in effect, in the witness chair testifying in a trial of mental lucidity and moral courage, with the freedom, the honor, the prestige and perhaps even the life of the independent French nation at stake. Outside the Palais Bourbon, on the other hand, there is plenty of painful soul-searching.

A recent poll of public opinion showed that 44 percent of the people favor French participation in some sort of European union. Many Frenchmen have recently—at long last—recognized the gravity of the situation brought about by parliamentary procrastination. They don't like their country's being—or seeming to be—the dog in the manger. They believe that the first year of the new President's term of office may be crucial for the Fourth Republic as 1940 was for the Third.



What will France do about Western defense? If the EDC is finally ratified, will the majority that votes it also survive as a means of putting it into effect and of carrying out other, related governmental business; and will the French people fully and willingly play their part as companions and colleagues, if not friends, of the Germans in the European army? And if the EDC is rejected, what is the alternative?

The answers can no longer be vague, general, theoretical. The choice between rearmament or relief of political tensions no longer exists. Nor can the US be blamed for the new conditions of West-East co-existence; Moscow has dictated them. Even those Frenchmen who believe that the US posed too difficult pre-conditions for negotiations, can't deny that the Russian conditions are now impossible.

A growing number of Frenchmen recognize that the problem is what France is to do or become. Postponement in France slows France, not Germany. Refusal to compete with the Germans won't stop the Germans from competing—and winning in a contest for European leadership. Objections to US support for the Germans won't give France the kind of Russian support which the French can or will accept—as a free, independent nation. Terror—real or feigned—about alleged US atom-hydrogen conceptions of the defense of the West is no contribution to an alternative conception and method.

Obviously, it's time for a change in what the French parliament does if Germany is not to become Europe's master. But what kind of a change? Gen. Charles de Gaulle offers a choice: either outlaw the French Communist Party and make parliament the instrument of a fifth, authoritarian French republic; or have the present parliament turn toward Moscow for a French-Russian rapprochement to create a new European balance of power at the expense both of the Germans and the Americans. It is a choice between impossibilities. Nearly 5.5 million Frenchmen voted Communist at the last election, more than twice that number repudiate a French version of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact. Either alternative would mean civil war—and not cold either.

Fortunately, there is another choice, between the only two French statesmen—Antoine Pinay and Pierre Mendes France—who have been winning large followings in public opinion, if not in parliament. Precisely because both men—one a progressive conservative, the other a moderate New Dealer—are primarily concerned with domestic affairs, the choice presents the French people with a chance—perhaps their last—to find a middle-of-the-road solution that can make participation rather than postponement the basis of policy toward European union. For the French answer to the German threat, posed or implied within the EDC, lies in France.

Germany, without an army, has already the makings of greater military power than France because — among other reasons — the Germans have been more concerned with working hard and long in their factories while the French middle and upper classes have been concerned with eating well and long at the best-stocked tables in the world, not excluding those of the US. Both Pinay and Mendes France are acutely aware of these facts and of their implications. Both believe that the Franco-German co-operation in a united Europe, in which they believe, calls for greater French production at home and competition abroad.

They differ about methods. A Pinay government would be of the Right-Center, based on small and medium-sized business and on the farmers, a Mendes France government would be of the Left-Center, concerned greatly with winning labor away from the extreme Left. From the Right, Mendes France would be called Moscow's man; and from the Left, Pinay will be accused of being Washington's. In reality, both men have the virtue of honesty, courage, clarity; a determination to have France live and work competitively in the world as it is—a world including a German competitor rather than an eternal enemy; and a will to dare attempt the reforms this will take.

Moreover, competing one against the other, Pinay and Mendes France present a glimmer of a chance of creating in French political life something resembling a workable, democratic two-party system, exercising gradually a power of attraction both on the far Right and the far Left. If either man comes to power at the Palais Bourbon early in France's approaching year of decision, or even if they alternate in power, it is unlikely that debates in parliament will be sterile or that decisions will be stalled for years at a time.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial: Barking Dogs Will Bite

Fine! said McCarthy. *You chose to make my issue the chief issue on which the Republicans will stand? Then by your action you make me chief symbol and spokesman of the Republican Party!*

So, with the violent pride of a gamekeeper driving poachers from his preserve, McCarthy nailed his claim on the Communist issue to the White House door.

Attached to the claim, in print that only those who refuse to read can miss, was an eviction notice—not to the President who once lived in the White House but to the man who lives there now.

The title of McCarthy's address was "An Answer to Former President Truman." Its third sentence was: "Tonight I shall spend but very little time on Harry Truman." Instead McCarthy used the time provided to him to turn to his own ends the actions of his co-worker and rival, Herbert Brownell.

Was McCarthy pleased or alarmed by Mr. Brownell's intrusion? He knew that the Attorney General was skilled in the art of political raiding. He knew that Mr. Brownell's charges were part of a plan, prepared by Robert Humphrey, Publicity Director of the Republican National Committee, William Rogers, Deputy Attorney General, and Robert Morris, Counsel of the Senate Internal Security Committee, "to take McCarthyism away from McCarthy." The Attorney General had the power of the President behind him, another Senate Committee as his instrument and the FBI files at his command. McCarthy could picture the Attorney General's dream—a political circus in whose center ring he and Senator Jenner waltzed in widening circles of revelation, investigation, legislation and conviction, to the applause, while McCarthy stood, a barker for a booth outside.

And yet McCarthy does not fear the competition of reasonable and moderate men, for they and he speak different languages. If he was alarmed, it was because the Attorney General cast his campaign in McCarthy's own manner, accepted McCarthy's basic premise as his basic premise: that accusation equals proof of guilt.

How then was McCarthy to reclaim the Communist issue? Far more interesting than the customary untruths and distortions is McCarthy's endeavor, in his November 24 address, to restate his issue in terms so harsh and inclusive as to place it beyond his rivals present reach.

The problem, says Mr. Brownell, is the legacy of treachery and blindness bequeathed by Truman; he and Mr. Eisenhower, given time, will clean it up.

No, answers McCarthy knowing that he is due to disappear along with the Communist threat; "It will be with us until our civilization wins or is destroyed."

The problem, says Mr. Brownell, is immense, but there are other problems.

No, answers McCarthy, *there are no problems but this!* Harry White, and his few associates, McCarthy explains, turned 620 million people over to Communist enslavement between 1945 and 1953. By this act, McCarthy adds: "They were making necessary our huge tax burden. . . . They were in effect signing the draft call for hundreds of thousands of young men. . . . They were setting the stage for future wars and signing the death warrants of unknown numbers of Americans." And now the clincher: "Therefore practically every issue which we face today, from high taxes to the shameful mess in Korea, is inextricably interwoven with the Communist issue." The problem, says Mr. Brownell, is limited and can be dealt with under limited powers.

No, answers McCarthy, infiltration is the first vital step in Communist conquest which "has been the same in every country over which the Stygian blackness of Communist night has descended." Once the problem is so defined, any counter-measures are justified. Those who protest in the name of the Constitution are "phony, deluded, fuzzy-minded, egg-headed liberals."

The Communists are Satanic, says Mr. Brownell, but none the less, we should continue to treat them as if they were not.

No, answers McCarthy, *if they are Satanic, they must be treated as we would treat Satan.*

So he turns on the Eisenhower Administration. It signed an Armistice Agreement in Korea. McCarthy denounces this "phony" truce. It is exchanging notes now with Communist representatives in Panmunjom. McCarthy condemns these "perfumed notes following the style of Truman-Acheson regime." The America of President Eisenhower, says McCarthy, is in "a state of whining, whimpering appeasement."

Mr. Brownell supposes that it is possible to trade with Satan, or permit others to trade. McCarthy answers: no trade will be allowed. He will win the Cold War "without firing a single shot" by saying to "our alleged allies": "If you continue to ship to Red China while they are imprisoning and torturing American men, you will not get one cent of American money."

Mr. Brownell supposes that it is possible to live in peace with Satan. McCarthy replies:

> In the days of old a Roman Senator named Cato rose on the floor of the Roman Senate each day, and ended his speech with the phrase "*Delenda est Carthago*"—Carthage must be destroyed.

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> After repeating this over and over and over, the Roman people were aroused to the threat of Carthage until finally Carthage was no more.
>
> Let us as Americans emulate that Roman Senator; let us in our crusade for freedom speak on our *Delenda est Carthago!*

"The Roman people were aroused. . . ." The truth of course is that Cato whipped them up until they attacked and sacked Carthage, killing men, women and children, destroying houses, temples, libraries, in the Third Punic War. "Let us as Americans emulate that Roman Senator. . . ."

Here I stand, says McCarthy, and here, with me, stands the Republican Party. The issue on which the people must go to the polls in 1954, he declares, is whether McCarthy is to be retained "as Chairman of the Investigating Committee where I can continue to expose and dig out Communists."

McCarthy is no longer seeking the support of other Republicans. Instead he states the terms on which he will support them, or destroy them. He instructs his audience to say to politicians, "Democrat and Republican alike," in their watchtowers:

> You will be taken down from those watchtowers if you continue to take money from my paycheck today and send it to any of those allies who are in turn shipping the sinews of war to the Communist enemy.

For President Eisenhower, McCarthy reserves a special treatment. It is merely hinted at in the long paragraphs of McCarthy's speech which concerns a "Communist agent," George Shaw Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler was fired by the Civil Service Commission in 1944, rehired by persons unnamed, and kept on, until he fled behind the Iron Curtain. The nominal reason for bringing in Wheeler's name is an unpublished and unverified reference to a minor intervention by Senator Truman. Far more interesting is Mr. Wheeler's subsequent career.

Mr. Wheeler in fact served on General Eisenhower's Staff from before VE-Day until late in 1945 when Eisenhower left Europe. He went with Eisenhower from London to Frankfort and then to Berlin as a member of the staff of Military Government Planning Operations. Subsequently he served with General Lucius Clay in the Manpower Division of Military Government, where he was repeatedly cleared in loyalty checks. None of these facts are revealed by Senator McCarthy. In mentioning Wheeler, in a concealed context, he warns the President —*play my game, or you will be next!*

That is McCarthy's challenge. How is our Chief of State to reply? In the spirit surely, in which Faulconbridge addressed the embattled King John:

> Be great in act as you have been in thought
> Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
> Govern the motion of a Kingly eye;
> Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
> Threaten the threateners and outface the brow
> Of bragging horror.

Instead the President's response was given by a White House spokesman to the *Washington Post* in language more direct than Shakespeare's: "Why should he take a crack at Joe just to please the intellectuals and pundits? If he is going to take him on it ought to be for something that 160 million Americans would know was right!"

It takes two to make a fight, and so far, only one of the two is ready to fight for the leadership of his party and his nation. The President will leave the fight against McCarthy to others, and make it as hard for them as he can. As long as McCarthy attacks Democrats, he will be applauded as a member of the Crusade. If, instead, he attacks the White House, silence will be the President's response. Whomever he attacks, he will draw the patronage that the President confers.

Ironically, it was this patronage that made possible the November 24 address. Nothing in the Broadcasting Code gave McCarthy the right to $300,000 worth of radio and television time to reply to a speech which was answered in full the following day for the Republicans, and which did not attack McCarthy himself. He demanded the time, of course; the spokesman of the great networks answered: "McCarthy has scare value—and we're scared." Their fear was of McCarthy's power to punish them. That power was granted to McCarthy by President Eisenhower who named, as his Commissioners of the Federal Communications Commission, one man endorsed by McCarthy and another, Robert E. Lee, who was McCarthy's political henchman and personal choice. As Commissioners, those men have the same power of investigation and harassment over the radio and television industry that McCarthy has over the nation. When, on the morning of November 24, McCarthy warned that he would request the FCC to review the status of any station that failed to carry his address, his threat, thanks to President Eisenhower, was real.

IN THESE closing weeks of 1953, the President is preparing the program for which the nation has waited one year. He will present it in January and wait for its enactment, with Democratic support, while his Attorney General attempts to outstrip McCarthy in heaping abuse on the last Democratic President. Both endeavors seem to us forlorn. The mood that surrounds McCarthy is one of hatred, violence, bigotry and unreason. Before Mr. Brownell wraps these garments around himself he will find that in a duel of demagogues partial cynicism is as much use against total cynicism as a scabbard is against a sword.

In the struggle to take McCarthyism away from McCarthy, Mr. Brownell, we predict, will come off second best. In turn, the Republican Party will go down in defeat as a party with neither conscience nor hope, nor achievement for the people. National leadership will pass to the man who restores perspective, who stands for decency, who offers confidence in place of fear, and dares to assert that Americans are born to live free.

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Stevenson and the South

Is he right in seeking harmony with the conservatives who rule today?

by Alexander Heard

ADLAI STEVENSON'S speech to the Georgia Legislature on November 24, and his willingness to visit Atlanta as the official guest of Governor Herman Talmadge, have provoked grumbles in several liberal quarters. Recently in these pages a Georgia Democrat protested the conduct of the 1952 candidate as a move to bind together Northern liberals and Southern Dixiecrats, with Southern liberals scuttled in the bargain.

Events so far may not warrant the complaint, but they raise the whole question of Stevenson's relationship to Southern Democrats. He carries heavy responsibilities to all those inside the South and out who have placed their faith in him and in his vision of progressive, rational government. He is also a man of profound political convictions who is a presumed candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1956. And he is the leader —somewhat more than "very titular"—of a party in need of all the votes it can get in that year.

A program of rapprochement has been underway for several months between the national Democratic organization and selected Southern leaders. Franklin Roosevelt may have won four times without need for Southern electoral votes. But Harry Truman could not in 1948, and in 1952 only one of the nine states carried by Adlai Stevenson lay outside the South. In this latter year, moreover, four customarily loyal Southern states enlisted for a hitch with the General. The causes and evidences of defection had been growing apace for 15 years. No responsible Democratic National Chairman could ignore the challenge.

The first clear sign that harmony efforts had caught on came at the Chicago rally in September when the opaque controversy over the loyalty pledge, a hangover from last year's convention, was deftly slid to a committee for study and postponement. Southern negotiators were jubilant, and the "Young Turks" who had fought them in convention the year before were satisfied. "Absolutely," former Sen. Blair Moody was quoted as saying.

Now comes Stevenson's trek to Georgia, including a stop with Governor Gordon Persons in Alabama on the way home, followed on December 2 by a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Atlanta at which Chairman Steve Mitchell joined Georgia's two Senators as the principal speakers. These actions fall into a pattern of recent months that has found Mitchell diligently taking counsel with Virginia Democratic leaders and talking to groups, like the North Carolina Democratic Club of Washington, on healing the North-South cleavage. It is safe to bet that Stevenson himself will make other Southern excursions during coming months, to states that favored him last November and to others as well.

For the partisans of progressive government, the danger that lurks in these gestures of amity springs from the nature of Southern factional politics. In one state after another across the South, the dominant Democratic factions in control of party and government include persons who have bucked progressive policies and progressive candidates, including Mr. Stevenson himself. In dealing with them, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Mitchell cannot afford to compromise the viewpoints that have given the Democratic Party its substance during the last generation. Nor must they weaken or isolate the liberal factions which champion these viewpoints in the South but which often find themselves distant from the centers of Southern political power.

On the record so far, the fearful may take heart. Their greatest reassurance may soberly be found in Adlai Stevenson. Whatever else may be said of this novel politician from the plains of Illinois, in his ascent as America's most eloquent spokesman for progressive government he has not twisted his tongue to his audience. Nor is there reason to think he will start now. In New Orleans on off-shore oil and in Richmond on minority rights, he spoke the same piece that he spoke in Seattle and New York.

He is a reasonable man, and he has tried to do what is said to be impossible, insert reason into political debate. It is this very quality that made his speech in the Richmond Mosque a document of understanding and compassion as well as a political testament.

It takes at least two to make harmony. One may well ask why the legislature and the Talmadge faction of Georgia have proffered their hospitality to Stevenson and Mitchell. Chairman James Peters of the Georgia State Democratic Executive Committee says that he likes Steve Mitchell "because he wants to iron things out." Perhaps it is Mitchell's willingness to talk about ironing things

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out, and Stevenson's readiness to deal with the realities as well as the symbols of social friction, that have led these Southerners to a tentative cordiality with the Stevenson leadership of the national party. Some of them no doubt have concluded that they can do more business with Stevenson than any other candidate who has a chance of getting the nomination.

There are more solid foundations than these, however, for Southern conservative initiative in seeking a new unity with the party of their fathers. It should be clear to all by now, as it was clear to many before, that a Southern regional party has no utility. Nor have the men and the times yet converged when the Republican Party offers these interests their most effective expression. Chairman Peters stated his motives very clearly:

> If the Republican Party does bring on a recession, creating unemployment in 1956, the convention will see a fight to the finish for control. That's where the South must be prepared to have a voice. It can do so only by contributing its share of money and attending party meetings with its leadership.

Southern conservatives—this category is never very accurate, and least of all as I use it here—can make this argument only by conceding that questions of Negro rights are no longer proper issues between the national parties. Some Southern strategists are saying privately that the Democratic position on civil rights is on paper less extreme, and would in action be no more extreme, than that of the Republicans. But in fact the nation's basic course in these matters was set long ago, and determined draftsmanship in party platforms can hardly veer it. Surely all now know that the past years of agitation for equal rights are no alcove in time from which we shall soon emerge as the troublesome demands subside.

In their Southern forays, both Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Mitchell have acknowledged their responsibility to all loyal factions of the local Democratic parties, whether in majority or in minority. In his talks in Virginia, Mitchell by-passed Sen. Harry Byrd and Rep. William Tuck, but consulted other leaders inside the Byrd organization as well as Colgate Darden and opposition leader Francis Pickens Miller. The committee appointed to arrange the dinner for December 2 in Atlanta, which would bring Mitchell, George and Russell together, included long-time opponents as well as supporters of the Talmadges. (There was some question about the faithfulness in 1952 of one of the leaders of the committee, but no one suggested that Mitchell condoned a bolter.) Although a guest at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta, Stevenson took steps to make himself available downtown where he could meet with any groups requesting to see him.

There is unrest, however. The CIO protests, as do others. Only those who have also fought the lonely fight have the right to condemn these outcries. But there seems no cause in any year to fret when the leader of the Democratic Party accepts the official hospitality of the state of Georgia. We would not ask him to decline a similar courtesy in the Republican states of New York and California, or even Illinois.

Rather, the present conduct of Stevenson toward the South can serve to strengthen the cause of liberal government, and the hands of those who fight for it in state and local primaries and in general elections. He is their strongest spokesman; they can trust that he will speak. And when he does, it is well that he be able to speak in private councils as well as in the public forum. They need not worry. He will not tarnish in the humid political air of the South, nor will his luster transfer easily to tin shoulders. Like Mr. Truman, he can take care of himself.

Beyond all this, it behooves liberals everywhere to keep their eyes on the larger fight. The battles that really count are just coming up. In them, the most effective weapon of American liberalism will be the Democratic Party. The more numerous and closer the ranks, the greater the chances of victory

The "Common Ground"

UNTIL LATELY the dopesters were freely predicting that the North-South cleavage would pull the Democratic Party apart at the seams. Our ill-wishers egged us on. They reminded me of the boy who said: "Let's you and him fight."

But instead of disintegrating, the Democratic Party looks more united than it has for a long time. We lost an election in 1952, but we did not lose our vitality or sense of mission. And the sheep that strayed are daily coming back into the fold. For my part, they are welcome; including those that somewhat sheepishly return.

Now there are doubtless extremists in both the North and the South, and the East and the West, who are more interested in having their way than in having an effective Democratic Party or having a Democratic Party at all.

But it isn't in the nature of a party structure that covers a nation to have total discipline and total conformity of view. There are bound to be disagreements, and it is well there are, because self-criticism, conflict and controversy are not only the ingredients of democracy, they are also the ingredients of progress.

But we can and we do agree on a great many more things than we disagree on, and we need one another in order to advance the great body of ideas we agree upon. There is, I believe, a growing desire in both North and South to go forward together, without bitterness, in goodwill, mutual respect, and with a decent concern for the opinions of one another.

Because Democrats are finding broader common ground and rebuilding their shattered citadels, we are on the way not only to healing the rifts that have plagued us so long but to a better, wiser, stronger, instrument of public will, which, after all, is the only reason for the existence of a political party . . .

—Adlai Stevenson in a speech to the Georgia Legislature, November 24, 1953.

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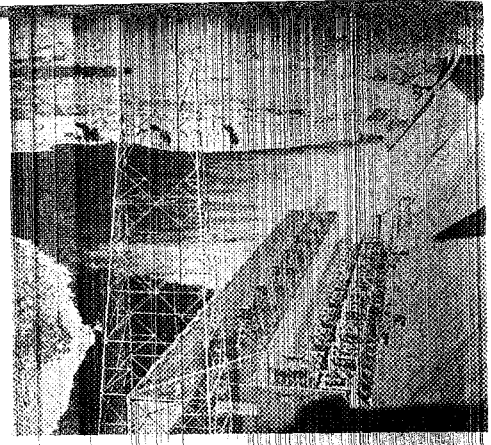
DECEMBER 7, 1953

Westerner Against the West



Douglas McKay has dealt a death-blow to the region's industrial development.

by Richard L. Neuberger

IN THE 1952 campaign General Eisenhower promised that a genuine Westerner would become the next Secretary of the Interior. This pledge was kept. Douglas McKay, native of Oregon, succeeded such men as Harold L. Ickes, native of Illinois, and Oscar L. Chapman, who had been born in Virginia. From the Republican point of view, McKay seemed a happy choice. For years party sachems had been cultivating a lush crop of Western votes by implying magical results of immense benefit if only a "Westerner born and bred" could preside over the department which has custodianship of Western resources.

What have been the actual results?

Federal conservation programs, carefully nurtured since the bygone era of Theodore Roosevelt, are in chaos. Morale has collapsed in old-line Interior agencies like the Fish and Wildlife Service. Political hacks have been chosen to succeed career scientists. Natural resources of enormous value have been abandoned to private corporations, which admit they can develop these resources to only a limited extent. Most ironic of all, Secretary McKay has dealt a death-blow to future industrial development in his own state, although probably no sovereignty in the West needs new payrolls so urgently as does Oregon.

In *Harper's* several years ago Bernard DeVoto expounded the theory of "the West against itself." He claimed that many prominent Westerners were committed politically and emotionally to forces which wished to loot and exploit Western resources, to the detriment of the West's own best interests. On the other hand, pointed out DeVoto, leading Easterners often were free of these involvements and could work to save the Western frontier from marauders.

McKay is toiling overtime to prove DeVoto's thesis. Under this "Westerner born and bred" the Department of the Interior has been weakening conservation principles established by Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania; by Teddy Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt, both of New York; by Harold Ickes of Illinois; by Ira Gabrielson of Iowa and by George W. Norris of Nebraska.

Although McKay has been in office a mere 10 months, the record of his department constitutes a reversal of policies that have endured for half a century. Since 1902, the reclamation of arid Western lands has been a federal responsibility. Since 1903, water power from Western dams has been reserved for first call from publicly owned systems. McKay now is in the process of scuttling these cardinal precepts of Western progress and development. His appointee as Commissioner of Reclamation, W. A. Dexheimer, has told the people of the West that "when there is a project in which you feel the federal government should participate, you will have the responsibility of obtaining an authorization and the necessary appropriations to get the job done. . . . The initiative is yours."

In simpler terms, this means that wayfaring homesteaders, farmers without electric lights and ex-GI's hungry for acreage of their own must convince Congress that more dams, canals and pumping plants are needed in the dry reaches of the West. If a utility corporation, with a battery of public-relations experts, can prevail over these amateurs in claiming the damsite, that's just too bad. The US Government won't take sides. It will be antiseptically neutral.

A courageous Western editor, Palmer Hoyt of the *Denver Post*, has not let his golfing partnership with President Eisenhower blind him to the real effect of this surrender by the Interior Department. He has accused McKay of selling reclamation "down the river" and he has added:

> Mr. McKay is not, we are sorry to say, championing the West. He appears to be presiding over the conquest of his department and its historic functions by long-frustrated enemies of Western growth and enrichment. And he has, unwittingly perhaps, become the ally of myopic reactionaries who have never changed their view that money invested in Western water and land is money pounded down a rat hole.

McKay has taken the substance out of the "preference clause," which sets aside public power for public agencies, by negotiating 20-year contracts for Bonneville and Grand Coulee energy with the private utilities operating in that region. A *pro forma* gesture to the preference clause was made by asking public agencies if they wanted the power first. If they didn't, the utilities got it—1.5 million kilowatts, a total of nearly three Bonneville Dams. Now, when rural electric co-ops and similar units need to expand, they will be without generating sources of their own and without a supply of power from the government.

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After the power companies had tied up future Columbia River generation, an official of Kaiser aluminum told the press, "These new contracts push into the misty distance any industrial expansion in the Pacific Northwest." With utilities "brokering" the power, rates will go up. Electro-processing industries can settle in the Northwest and pay the mountain freight differential to ship their products eastward only if the charge for electricity is sufficiently low to absorb shipping costs. Even *Time* magazine has admitted that the McKay policies eliminate "the expansion plans of big industrial power users."

This is the unkindest cut of all. Twice the people of Oregon elected Douglas McKay to be their Governor. Yet the lumber industry, Oregon's payroll mainstay, is in trouble. Prices are down for plywood and boards. Marginal mills have had to close. Shifts are operating only three or four days a week. The best virgin timber has been largely cut out. The one real hope for alternative employment is in factories reliant on low-cost hydroelectricity, a possibility which McKay has largely doomed.

On top of all this, the Bureau of Land Management, another Interior Department agency, is following an access-roads policy which favors the big timber operators and shuts out small lumbermen. Western Forest Industries, a group of comparatively modest-sized logging companies, has protested publicly against alleged "secret" negotiations between the Department of the Interior and the large lumber monopolies. The protest claims that 80 percent of Interior Department timber, belonging to the general public, is being sold without competition because access to these trees is controlled by a few privileged operators.

THE CHAOS threads into nearly every segment of this department which is so vitally concerned with Western welfare. One of McKay's first acts was to fire Dr. Albert Day, a career biologist, and to replace him as head of the Fish and Wildlife Service with a Crown-Zellerbach Paper Mills public-relations man. Alaska has just had so skimpy a season for salmon-fishing that the President has had to declare certain seaports in the Territory a "disaster area," in order to provide relief for the desperate inhabitants. Furthermore, McKay has gone back on earlier support for Alaskan statehood, which he voiced as Governor of Oregon, although leaders of business and labor in his own state long have insisted that statehood is necessary to enable Alaskan entrepreneurs to make use of Portland's extensive shipping facilities.

Yet McKay's greatest sin against his own region may be the fact that he, a "Westerner born and bred," is speaking publicly in the language of the men who have pooh-poohed federal investment in Western development, ever since the enemies of Thomas Jefferson contended that the $2,500 spent on the Lewis and Clark expedition had been a shocking waste.

On the CBS "Capitol Cloakroom" broadcast several weeks ago, the Secretary of the Interior declared that, in his opinion, taxpayers in New England should not have to "subsidize" power projects in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. This was the cry of the utility interests which first opposed construction of Bonneville and Grand Coulee. No mention was made of the fact by the "Westerner born and bred," who serves as Secretary of the Interior, that sale of energy from these dams already has led to collection of more than $310 million in revenue, that repayment of the original cost is well ahead of schedule and that such ancillary benefits as irrigation and navigation have been of vast benefit to the entire Northwest.

This debacle in the Interior Department could have been predicted by those who know McKay. He was an undistinguished Governor of Oregon. Performing in a one-party state, he rarely was subjected to political pressure or anxiety. For example, he baldly vetoed a bill, sought by the insurance industry, which would have forbidden car dealers to stipulate where time-purchasers of automobiles had to place their insurance, although he himself was heavily affected by the bill as a Chevrolet dealer. Special interests always made generous donations to the McKay campaigns. In 1950 his own committees spent $63,676 and the Republican state organization spent another $105,883. The Democrats could muster only a fraction of these sums.

Furthermore, Oregon is a state with a weak record generally, so far as conservation is concerned. No state wasted so rich a heritage in school lands. Oregon received 4.3 million acres at the time of statehood "for school purposes." Only 770,000 acres are left and the state has only $10 million in the irreducible school fund. The state of Washington, by contrast, received 2,290,000 acres, has 1,765,000 of these acres left and the permanent school fund contains $50 million. McKay, as governor, was not a party to the Oregon school-land scandals, but the state's conservation legacy is far from reassuring.

McKay probably has won his last public office in Oregon, even though his 1950 re-election was by an overwhelming margin. Many voters accepted the notion that the installation in the Interior Department of a "Westerner born and bred" would mean a new halcyon era of Western development. Disappointment in McKay has been doubly keen because so much was expected of him. Westerners can hardly believe the spectacle of one of their own collaborating in the assassination of Western progress.

At a meeting in Corvallis, Ore., of a rural electric cooperative, a graying farm wife said to me, "The Roosevelt New Deal put electricity on our place but I kept on voting Republican because I thought the public-power program was here to stay, regardless of anything else. I've learned my lesson. Mr. McKay taught it to me. I'll know just how to vote next time. It won't be for the party that made our Governor the Secretary of the Interior."

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GERALD W. JOHNSON: *The Superficial Aspect*

THE AUTHORITIES and experts have paid little attention to the President's recent, and rather plaintive remark that we simply can't live hating and suspecting each other, but to a superficial observer without any inside information that seems to be the most cogent political comment of the year.

Every political philosopher who has argued for democracy has begun with the assumption that most men are reasonably decent. If that basic assumption is no longer tenable, the logical chain has no anchorage and can hold nothing; yet we will not hate and suspect each other unless we assume that most men are not decent. Wide prevalence of hatred and suspicion, then, must be accepted as evidence that the very moorings of our political system are dragging, and by comparison with that the worst that our alien enemies can do to us is trifling.

Yet the philosophy dominant in Washington in recent years holds that no man is fit for government service until the police, after thorough investigation, certify that he has never been caught. This is not proof that he is an honest man; it may indicate no more than that he is a very astute hypocrite. But it is now the only test acceptable for government service.

In my neighborhood, where politics is a minor interest, we don't do business that way. We can't. If we tried to operate on the theory that most checks are bad, the time and labor expended in inquiring at the bank before accepting any check would slow down business and eat up the profits; we assume, therefore, that if a man's checks have been good in the past they will be good in the future, and they usually are. So business proceeds briskly enough to show a profit. Now and then a check bounces, but the loss is not as great as would be the expense of calling up the bank every time an old customer offers a check.

In my neighborhood we know no infallible test of a man's honesty. The best, and the only one in which we place much reliance, is a record of many years of honorable living. Even that fails occasionally. We have had Sunday-school superintendents caught *in flagrante delicto* with choir singers, and I remember one corporation treasurer who skipped to Guatemala with the pension fund. But when for ten, twenty, or thirty years a man has paid his bills promptly, stayed sober on all ordinary occasions and never thrashed his wife, we mark him as reliable and we are usually right.

But if long years of honorable living don't mean a thing to the government, the government is certainly operating on a different theory. If it is to be accepted as quite credible that Truman is disloyal and that Marshall is "a front for traitors" then the thinking of Washington is a long way removed from the thinking of Bolton street. In our neighborhood, if a man admits that he used to be a lying scoundrel but says he has now got religion we admit his right to go to church, but we don't invite him to lead the choir, and are impatient if he begins to denounce the pastor. But in Washington it appears that two wrongs do make a right. If a man first sells out his country and afterward sells out his accomplices in crime, he becomes one whose word, like Caesar's, might stand against the world. And he wins preferment and pelf.

But the President is bothered. After all, he is responsible for conducting the business of government, and apparently he agrees with Bolton street that it is hard to do business on the theory that all checks are rubber, and that the only reason for trusting a man is a policeman's assurance that he has never been caught. It throws sand in the gears. It balls things up. If it is kept up indefinitely, the whole machine will grind to a halt.

The President has reason to be bothered, for he is facing a tremendously difficult task. He must convince certain of his fellow-partisans that even if there were no such thing as honor, in a democracy it is necessary to imagine it, for practical reasons; and even if faith is never justified, yet in a democracy it is necessary to exercise it to some extent, for the same practical reasons. Perhaps it is going too far to say that we can't live at all, but we certainly can't live as a democracy without a modicum of honor and faith.

But teaching this to certain of the President's theoretical followers will be such a triumph of pedagogy as might make John Dewey stare and gasp. If Mr. Eisenhower can teach them to recognize the practical value, or even the existence, of honor and faith, he should find it child's play to teach color-blind men to read the traffic lights.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

CURMUDGEON'S CONFESSIONS

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

ON TOP of everything else he did in Washington—his innumerable official jobs and responsibilities, his bristling excursions into other people's business, his controversies and feuds in politics and journalism, his unrelenting fight for honest and progressive government—Harold L. Ickes kept a diary. It is hard to see how he fitted diary-keeping into an already wildly overcrowded life. But somehow he found time every week or so to dictate a full and candid record, based on his own notes and on records kept by his staff. When the weekly chore was completed, he would destroy the secretaries' shorthand notes and all preliminary drafts, "usually burning them himself in the fireplace," as Jane Ickes recalls in her vivid and charming preface. One can almost see the compact and doughty figure bending over the flames and shoving the material in.

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES, *1933-1936* (Simon and Schuster; $6).

The result of his fidelity is an immense and copious record of life under the New and Fair Deals—nearly 100 volumes of typescript about 6 million words of text. *The First Thousand Days*, the first of several projected volumes, covers the period from Roosevelt's inauguration to his re-election in 1936. The editorial processes involved in making the selections are, I regret to say, swathed in mystery. Mrs. Ickes explains that some parts have been omitted as too detailed for anyone but historians or as unduly embarrassing to living persons; "except for these omissions, there have been no changes in the original text." Simon and Schuster state in an ambiguous publisher's note that "the sections . . . published here are exactly as they were written . . . with no changes or editing." No one is named as editor; and no omissions of any sort are indicated in the text, though one would assume that by 1953 such indications should have become rudimentary editorial practice; we have, I had supposed, passed beyond the days of Jared Sparks. And the anonymous editor's occasional notes seem to have been inserted wholly at random. In many respects, this book would appear a model on how *not* to go about publishing a valuable historical document. It is inadequately consoling to know the original manuscript is to be deposited in the Library of Congress. Among other things, it ought surely to go, not to the overburdened Library in Washington, but to the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park where a first-rate staff is peculiarly qualified to deal with the papers of the Roosevelt era.

The diary itself will be of great fascination to historians and of enormous interest to all students of American liberalism and of American government. It is a frank, pungent, peppery record, disclosing the Ickes we all know—honest, devoted, courageous, trigger-tempered, suspicious, implacable. It is, in part, a record of growth. The Ickes who came to Washington in 1933 was, after all, little more than a municipal reformer, a local lawyer, a stout-hearted veteran of two decades of lost causes, not a man of national repuation or prestige. His first months in Washington reveal an unexpected unsureness and timidity. But by 1936 he had emerged as a national personality, playing a leading role in the 1936 campaign, half-seriously calculating his own chances for eventual Presidential nomination. In the years between we see him grow remarkably in capacity and in stature.

Yet certain characteristics remained constant. His pugnacity and irritability, if anything, increased with his confidence; only on rare moments does one find him confessing (as he does about a speech attacking the Chamber of Commerce prepared for a Chamber of Commerce audience) that he was abashed by his own ferocity. His sense of his own honesty amounted at times to a profound conviction that anyone who disagreed with him must be dishonest: if Hopkins or Morgenthau pressed their views on the President or Congress, it was underhanded and vicious sabotage; while if Ickes denounced Hopkins or Morgenthau, it was disinterested service to the Republic. He succumbed in low moments to feelings of persecution ("I am thoroughly persuaded that there is an active cabal working against me"); and he wrote down most of his colleagues with emotions ranging from scorn to contempt.

The book is filled with vivid sidelights on leading figures of the New Deal: on Hopkins, whom Ickes regarded with mingled liking, envy and wrath; Mrs. Roosevelt, whom he considered to be gossipy and meddling; Frances Perkins, who seemed to him sensible but hopelessly garrulous; Henry Morgenthau, whom he could not abide; John Garner, whom he rather liked. But most interesting, of course, is the portrait of Roosevelt which gradually emerges from the book. Details of this portrait will be seized avidly by the Roosevelt-haters to document their case ("members of his own official family and of his own party in Congress feel that his word cannot be relied upon. It hurts me to set down such a fact, but it is the fact, as I have had occasion to know more than once. For a long time I refused to admit even to myself that it was the fact, but there is no use fooling myself any longer"). Yet the cumulative effect, I suspect, will be to increase our understanding of Roosevelt's greatness as a democratic leader.

It is fashionable to say that Roosevelt was a bad administrator. It is true enough that he was an imperfect administrator by the book; at one time or another, he must have violated every rule in the tedious lexicon of the Bureau of the Budget. But the true test of an administrator is his capacity to concert and release the energies of men. Followed faithfully, the Bureau of the Budget approach, with its faith in channels, job descriptions and organization charts, chokes vitality, stifles imagination and deadens creativity. It plays safe with administration; and, while it no doubt insures against abysmal failure, it also insures against brilliant success.

F.D.R. prized liveliness, vitality, ideas. He surrounded himself with men who had these qualities. In an effort to test and develop their abilities, he even sometimes set them against each other,

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with an old free enterpriser's faith that competition is the life of government as well as of trade. The technique of indefinite jurisdiction was sloppy copybook administration; but it often provided a testing of initiative, competence and imagination which produced far better results than playing safe by the book. Men like Ickes, Hopkins, Morgenthau, Wallace were not easily contained; they were always fanning out, in ideas and in power. One consequence was a darkling plain of administrative confusion, where ignorant bureaucrats clashed by night. Another was a constant infusion of fresh vitality and ideas. One can see in this diary how the overhanging presence of Hopkins and Morgenthau made Ickes waste hours and days in invective and intrigue. One can also see how it kept the whole Public Works Administration effort forever on its toes and ahead of the game.

Competition in administration, inadequately controlled, would mean anarchy. Adequately controlled it can mean creative and effective government. The Ickes diary provides a unique and unforgettable picture of Roosevelt riding herd over his rearing, tossing, jostling team. His horses were overflowing with temperament, and he spent an unconscionable time combing their manes and stroking their brows. But more tractable horses would not run so fast or pull so far.

He was prepared to pay the price in time and temper for drive and imagination. Everyone who worked for him, like Ickes, went through periods of disillusion and despair, denounced his word, questioned his integrity, wrote bitter letters of resignation; but in the end the President talked most of them around, got them back in harness again, and kept the wagon train moving down the trail. Government forever out of channels is terrible. The one thing worse is government forever in channels.

In the end, Roosevelt dominates the book. His patience, his personal solicitudes, as in his perpetual attempt to get Ickes off on a holiday, his fantastic mastery of detail, his jocose and evasive humor, his pervading gaiety, his occasional and formidable severity, his geniality and his reserve—all these are reflected in a multitude of aspects and relationships. One understands why Ickes and the others had to burst out from time to time against him; but one understands also why vigorous government would be impossible without something like the Rooseveltian sleight-of-hand at the center; and in the end, one feels, for all his grumbling and fuming, Ickes must in some sense have recognized it too. Roosevelt aroused many emotions —impatience, irritation, injury, indignation; but he also aroused a loyalty verging on love. This comes through in the Ickes diary. And there also comes through the Ickes self-portrait: the wary, querulous, grumbling, vain, testy, self-righteous, honorable man, a defiant and fractious servant and a high-handed and mistrustful master—yet a superb public official, bold, imaginative and indomitable, who maintained vigorous standards of honesty and efficiency, who never flinched from battle, who never deserted the liberal cause, a great Secretary of the Interior and a great American.

A TOURIST'S DIARY

by Wallace Fowlie

MME. DE BEAUVOIR visited the United States between January and May 1947. She lectured at many of the universities and toured the country: New York, Washington, Chicago, Las Vegas, San Francisco, New Orleans. Her diary, kept during these months, was published in Paris in 1948, under the title, *L'Amérique au jour le jour*. The American edition appropriately follows her widely discussed book on woman, *The Second Sex*, which appeared last year in this country. For eight years Simone de Beauvoir was a teacher of philosophy in a Paris lycée. She was quite unknown during that time. But today she occupies an important position among the existentialists in Paris, as the author of three novels, one play and several essays. She contributes regularly to Sartre's magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*. One of her most important essays, *Faut-il brûler Sade?* has been used as preface to the Grove Press edition of the selected writings of Sade.

AMERICA DAY BY DAY, by Simone de Beauvoir (Grove; $4).

The most important book on America to be written by a foreigner is probably Alexis de Tocqueville's *La Démocratie en Amérique*, first published in the middle nineteenth century. Since that time many volumes of lesser import have been written by Frenchmen. The theory that the French do not travel and do not consider other countries than their own will have to be revised. George Duhamel's harsh observations appeared soon after World War I. Paul Morand's *New York*, Jean Prévost's *Usonie*, André Maurois' *Mes Songes que voici*, are some of the best examples of this kind of writing. Simone de Beauvoir's *America Day by Day* has its place beside these, as the most recent French diagnosis. She is the intellectual woman who writes a day by day account of her impressions. In this book, written in a very different style than that of her others, her thought is as clear as in her most carefully composed books. Her formulas have the same forceful, epigrammatic quality we associate with her writing in general.

The book demonstrates great honesty in feeling and expression. I imagine that it must have been somewhat difficult and painful to maintain this honesty, because in its deepest sense the book might be looked upon as a record of disappointments. Over and over again, on her rather considerable tour, Mme. de Beauvoir discovers a scene of natural beauty or the perspective of a city scene which are impressive and moving. She begins to express her admiration when, almost infallibly she becomes disturbed over some manifestation of prejudice in the domain of morals, or class distinction, or politics. Her initial impulse to rejoice over some new city or some grandiose natural spectacle is constantly being softened by the examples of American obtuseness and shallowness and daily habits which are not always immediately understandable. She often curbs what might have been a lyrical outburst and contents herself with merely interpreting and commenting. Mme. de Beauvoir travels rapidly from one part of the country to the other, and often catches only the most superficial aspects of American life. But her comments are worth reading. They will help to explain to us something of the French temperament and training, and to remind us once again how difficult it is to understand a foreign country, how quickly we are held by details which, if seen in a wider context, would alter their meaning.

The most valuable passages of the

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book seem to be those dealing with literary life in America, with conversations held with writers and excursions guided by writers. Here Mme. de Beauvoir's observations are more authentic and more justified. She is curious about the literary past in America and about the older authors who still influence writing today. On several occasions she is told about the continuing importance of Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, James. She is struck by the fact that Poe is never mentioned, and concludes that Americans consider him a French author. In contemporary American writing she shows a very real knowledge and boundless curiosity and sympathy. The French existentialists with whom Simone de Beauvoir is associated have for some time stressed the importance of the American novel which they look upon as a unique literary example today where technique is admirably fused with subject matter. Mme. de Beauvoir tries to see America through its novels where she knows that the meaning of pure situation and action is far more important than psychological analysis.

Mme. de Beauvoir does not attempt anything resembling literary criticism in *America Day by Day,* but her rapid notations about American problems remind one constantly of the views of Claude-Edmonde Magny on the American novel, of Malraux on Faulkner's *Sanctuary,* of Sartre on Dos Passos. The interminable narration of a novel makes it into a site of confusion. Two characters are always engaged in debate: the author and auditor. The complicity and the understanding which exist between novelist and reader make the novel into a virtual dialogue. American novelists have demonstrated countless times for the French a trait of impersonality and a power of detachment from the story they are telling. Speech and style are flat and incapable of illuminating a character in the variableness of his dimensions. Behind many of the American disappointments of Simone de Beauvoir, I suspect she remembers a sentence of Walter Rathenau, quoted by Gide and Magny, which states that America has no soul and will not deserve to have one until she consents to plunge into the abyss of human suffering and sin.

The difficulty she encounters in defining American culture is perhaps the basis of Mme. de Beauvoir's *malaise.* The physical appearance of America is majestic and inspiring. She senses and verifies its industrial, financial and technological power. But she feels in it a divorce between the life of the spirit and life itself. Culture is a way of being, a way of living. It is a style conferred on existence by the mind. The question which the French visitor never formulates directly but which lies behind most of her observations and judgments is to what degree will American culture, when it develops, serve the cause of international culture.

A MAN OF CONVICTIONS

CYRIL CONNOLLY, who has a high degree of imagination, has bestowed a most unimaginative title on this excellent volume. His previous works suffered from no such perfunctory labelling. *Enemies of Promise, The Unquiet Grave, The Condemned Playground, The Rock Pool*—these titles evoke a picture and an atmosphere, they make us curious in their uneasy melancholy, they prompt us to open the book and examine its contents. But *Ideas and Places* is a prosaic, even a stodgy title. It suggests a volume of reminiscences written by a former diplomat or a retired civil servant seeking to defy the pressure of his mortality. Fortunately the contents of *Ideas and Places* are neither prosaic nor stodgy. This is more than a book of ideas, more than a record of places. It harbors various writings of Mr. Connolly's during the period when he was the restless and brilliant editor of the literary journal *Horizon.* And these have much to say to us by implication about the whole vexed question of editing.

IDEAS AND PLACES, by Cyril Connolly (Harper; $3.50).

Reading them now that *Horizon* no longer exists, we can see why the monthly issues, coming out of wartime England, and during the uneasy peace thereafter, spoke for liveliness and wit, an interest in ideas for their own sake and, what is more, conveyed a feeling for life, the life of the senses and the emotions at a time of gloom and death. This was because the journal was an expression not only of its editor as "editor," but as an individual, possessed of vivacity, acute sensibility and an inexhaustible fund of Irish wit. We would be hard put in these 1950s to find an editor who was as unafraid of his own prejudices and idiosyncracies, who had convictions and wasn't hesitant in voicing them, even if they might be only the convictions of the moment (which are perhaps the only convictions that count). Reading this book makes us wonder whether we aren't producing so many dull literary journals because they are edited by editors (plural), that is by Editorial Boards. When literature is confided to a Board it invariably gets its imaginative wings clipped; individual spontaneity gives way to the lowest common denominator, joint calculation, sober caution. The result can be deadly.

Connolly published what interested him; and being a man of ranging taste and acute judgment, the result was the *Horizon* to whose files we can still turn with pleasure. The *Horizon* editorials given in this book reported, Connolly says, "a monthly chronicle under a losing peace." They are also a chronicle of literary ideas unafraid to be ephemeral and undogmatic with the awareness that stratification is the death of art. The evidence of Connolly's mind and spirit is to be seen not only in the pieces he reprints from *Horizon*—the D-Day editorial, the comments on the British elections, the reflections on little magazines —but his paper on surrealism, his excursion to Bordeaux or into the elegiac temperament and his intimate yet objective portrait of his friend of many years, Logan Pearsall Smith.

For Americans, the piece Connolly wrote after visiting the United States to assemble his American issue of *Horizon* must always remain a refreshing and vigorous example of literary journalism. If he saw our deficiencies open-eyed he also found the beauty our accustomed glances tend to take for granted:

> To the visiting non-competitive European all is unending delight . . . where every language is spoken and xenophobia almost unknown, where every purse and appetite is catered for, where every street with every quarter and the people who inhabit them are fulfilling their function, not slipping into apathy, indifference, decay. If Paris is the setting for romance, New York is the perfect city in which to get over one, to get over anything.

Few visiting Englishmen have said nicer things about us. Connolly's mind is free from pedantry and of the editorial virus of over-solemnity. This book speaks for style, perspective, standard: it makes one wish that some angel would found a *New Horizon* and give Connolly and the innate grace of his mind—an editorial desk again. LEON EDEL

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS: 1953

THE CHANCES are high that the best books published for children during 1953 will receive neither the recognition nor the purchase that they deserve. This situation must be discouraging indeed for the truly creative authors of imaginative and factual books; for the creative editors of children's books; for those adults who advocate selecting only good books for children and consequently evaluate each title carefully; and for the children themselves, if they but knew their deprivations.

Something went wrong in the world of children's books in 1953—nothing that had not gone wrong for a hundred years or more before, but now on a much wider and more impressive scale. The incredible thing is that so many people who should know better (particularly librarians, teachers, and book reviewers) have been so gullible. Mediocre, cheap, pointless, dull, and contrived books for children have received approbation, even cheers, from countless people who should be the very ones to maintain that children's books should meet recognized standards.

Several explanations may be advanced for the generally depressing aspect of children's books today. For a variety of reasons, children's books have unquestionably become big business. The golden realm of children's literature has become golden in more ways than one. "Merchandising" and "packaging" of children's books abound. To deplore merchandising is not to decry making money, for no one expects or wants anyone in publishing to lose money. The evils come when merchandising entails the lowering of those standards that have become identified with reputable publishing and when the purchasers of books succumb without question to the trumpeting of the merchandisers' banal wares.

The main thing currently wrong with children's books (and in no sense dissociated from merchandising) can be summed up in one phrase: the "series" books. There is nothing categorically and intrinsically wrong about series. No one in his right mind would reject a book just because it happened to belong in a series; it would be pleasant to report that no one in his right mind would approve a book just because it happened to belong in a series. The current emphasis on "series" books, the fantastic proliferation in the number of series and in the number of titles within each series, and the widespread acceptance of all titles within each series are as alarming as they are dismaying.

Unquestionably, too many titles have been published in too short a time in too many series. Some series seem to have reached a status in the lists of some publishers in which the tail wags the dog. In these cases, merchandising, potboiling, and mediocrity almost inevitably become apparent soon. (Nor will the name of a well-known author redeem a poorly written book.)

Other unfortunate tendencies can be observed in many "series" books: inappropriate sugarcoating of factual material in story form; full book-length treatment of relatively unimportant or isolated events in history or in the lives of people; historical fiction that is neither good history nor good fiction, and fictionized biography that is neither good fiction nor good biography. Also, some series do not clearly indicate the wide variation within reading levels that exists among their titles. Some series are distinctly misleading in the use of the key or slogan words in their series titles, such as, for example, the implication by series title that some obscure or insignificant event constitutes an historic incident of major importance; or that a book is an introductory or basic one in a subject field, when in all reality it is not. Many titles in series are undoubtedly assigned to writers who are unable to write successfully for children and sometimes to writers who might otherwise be writing books more worthy of their very real talents. One gets an overwhelming sense, in recalling the year's output of children's books that, primarily because of the ubiquitous "series," prescription rather than inspiration motivates most of the writing.

The necessity for the careful evaluation of each book by itself seems more urgent than ever before. Blanket endorsements of series that, by statement or by implication, include all titles in the series under consideration, are not only inaccurate but also irresponsible. One would naturally expect advertisements to carry these blanket endorsements; but one expects otherwise from reviewers, and those entrusted in any capacity with the evaluation and selection of books for children. The careful evaluation of each title is essential; today, it is critically urgent in the titles in a series.

Quantities of good children's books are published each year. Cumulatively, the number of good books that have been published for children over a period of time and are still available represents a sizable and cheering number. But hordes of worthless books and hordes of books even more insidious in some ways—those marginal books that are neither good nor bad, that cannot be praised yet cannot be damned, glut the market; many series titles are of these kinds.

Let us subject each children's book to rigid evaluation. Let us think about books and not about the series. Let us look beyond the series, for there our chances are greatest for finding those books that best approach the true children's books which seem to be written for children rather than written to order. Representative of the best children's books are the following titles published during 1953:

THE CRYSTAL CORNERSTONE, by Lorna Beers (Harper). Excellent fiction about the American Revolution. (Grades 8-10)

MADELINE'S RESCUE, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking). Another of Madeline and the eleven girls in Paris. (4-8 years)

FOG ISLAND, by Elsa Falk; drawings (Wilcox and Follett). A story of Indians four centuries ago. (Grades 7-9)

THE ARK, by Margot Benary-Isbert (Harcourt, Brace). A moving story of a refugee family re-building their life in post-war West Germany. (Grades 7-9)

PITSCHI, by Hans Fischer (Harcourt, Brace). The kitten who always wanted to be something else. (Kindergarten-grade 2)

BIQUETTE, THE WHITE GOAT, by Francoise (Scribner). A goat travelled across country to help a small girl. (Kindergarten-grade 1)

EDDIE'S PAY DIRT, by Carolyn Haywood (Morrow). Another of Little Eddie and his "valuable property." (Grades 3-5)

BRIGHTY OF THE GRAND CANYON, by Marguerite Henry; illustrated (Rand McNally). A small burro helps make the Grand Canyon a national park. (Grades 5-7)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Clara Ingraham Judson; drawings (Wilcox and Follett). A well-written biography that does equal justice to Roosevelt's social reforms and war career. (Grades 6-8)

MY FRIEND YAKUB, by Nicholas Kalashnikoff; illustrated (Scribner). Sensitively told story of a small boy in a Siberian village. (Grades 5-12)

A VERY SPECIAL HOUSE, by Ruth Krauss; pictures (Harper). Delightful nonsense describing an imaginative house. (3-8 years)

AND NOW MIGUEL, by Joseph Krumgold; illustrated (Crowell). A young boy's

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growing awareness of himself as an individual. (Grades 8-12)

MR. REVERE AND I, by Robert Lawson (Little, Brown). History with a humorous twist. (Grades 5-8)

BIRDS AND PLANES: HOW THEY FLY, by John Byron Lewellen; illustrated (Crowell). Basic principles of flight explained simply. (Grades 6-8)

AN OTTER'S STORY, by Emil E. Liers; illustrated (Viking). An otter in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. (Grades 6-8)

MARA, DAUGHTER OF THE NILE, by Eloise McGraw (Coward-McCann). A dramatic story of a young slave girl in the days of the despotic Queen. (Grades 8-10)

MISS PICKERELL GOES UNDERSEAS, by Ellen MacGregor; illustrated (Whittlesey). Miss Pickerell dives for her Mars rocks and tangles with an atomic-powered submarine. (Grades 4-6)

MCGONIGLE'S LAKE, by R. G. Montgomery; illustrated (Doubleday). A retired prospector and his animal friends make a home in spite of efforts to thwart them. (Grades 5-7)

THE BORROWERS, by Mary Norton; illustrated (Harcourt, Brace). Delightful fantasy about the tiny people who inhabit old houses and live by "borrowing" from human beings. (Grades 4-6)

MICROBES AT WORK, by Millicent Selsam; illustrated (Morrow). Nature study with experiments which the child can perform at home. (Grades 6-8)

IN A MIRROR, by Mary Stolz (Harper). Introspective study of a girl's growing awareness of herself and her appreciation of others around her. (Grades 8-12)

COCHISE, APACHE WARRIOR AND STATESMAN, by Edgar Wyatt; illustrated (Whittlesey). Excellent biography of the great Apache chief. (Grades 7-9)

FRANCES HENNE and MARY EAKIN

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POLITICAL CARTOONISTS

AS THE LAMP of freedom flickers out in any country, its cartoonists assume a role of increasing importance. A master of this craft can do more damage to a tyrant than a dozen pamphleteers; yet it is harder for the censor to suppress him. The censor can understand plain words, or thinks he can; but this art business is funny, now, and you wouldn't want to make a fool of yourself complaining of a picture which then turned out to mean something quite different from what you thought, would you? So there is no doubt that cartoonists are important people, who deserve careful consideration.

Three of the most important for the English-speaking world are D. R. Fitzpatrick, Robert Osborn and David Low. It is a pity to lump them together in this fashion; with 10,000 words for each I might begin to convey something of their respective unique and astonishing personalities—though less, of course, than any of them could do with half a dozen lines on a sheet of paper.

Fitzpatrick, brilliant cartoonist of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* for the past forty years, has now collected his work into a book, *As I Saw It* (Simon and Schuster; $5). With few exceptions, these are cartoons of the past eighteen years, and a large proportion of them will be familiar to you, having been reprinted in other newspapers or in magazines, some of them scores of times. As a liberal, Fitzpatrick is no summer soldier; his courage is equalled by his love, understanding and pity for the human race and these are matched by his authentic powers as an artist. I'm sure that the people of St. Louis, exposed to Fitzpatrick daily for many years, must be conspicuously wiser, more human and more tolerant than those of any comparable nearby community. His work has even greater impact assembled page after page than it does when seen solitary in a newspaper. For my part, I hope he lives forever, and judging by the quality of his work after forty years of it, he seems likely to.

Robert Osborn is a different case from the two other men discussed here. He does not have a daily space to fill, nor does he comment, like them, on the day's news. As you probably know, Osborn first became famous during the Second World War, when he drew his "Dilbert" cartoons for the Navy Aeronautics Training Program, trying to persuade aviators not to kill themselves by recklessness or lapse of memory. Since then, he has not only become a noted magazine illustrator but has published several books devoted to the (evidently) fantastic notion that the human race should not perform like a pack of fools. This volume, *Low and Inside* (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3.75), is another discussing The Nervous Breakdown of our Time. Most of his drawings are deceptively simple, like those of Jim Thurber; and if you don't believe this particular sort of simplicity requires genius, try doing it yourself. There is more heartbreak and less humor in this book than some admirers of Osborn's work in magazines may expect; but there is more heartbreak than humor in the plight of the human race, too.

David Low's new book, *Low's Cartoon History, 1945-1953* (Simon and Schuster; $3.50), is his fourth to be published in the United States, and I don't know what can be done about it at this late date except frantic hand-clapping. It is more than ever evident that Low laughs to keep from crying, and that world politics is not good enough to deserve his constant comment. This new volume takes us from the end of the Second World War through the death of Stalin, and it is as good as his previous collections, which is my idea of a superlative. Here are all the great men of our times struggling with problems too big for the greatest of them, including quite a number who, I predict, will go down in history only because Low chanced to include them in a picture. To this layman, his draughtsmanship seems superb; he can draw anything. His clouds, for a random example, are really clouds and not just dumplings in the sky. It would not be surprising if his drawings were studied, as drawings, a hundred years from now, when the political events they report are forgotten—assuming, that is, that a

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hundred years from now books and readers still exist.

Low's portraiture is famous, and justly so. He can dress Malenkov in Chinese costume and he is still recognizable. Low can turn him three-quarters away and he is still recognizable. It is my own belief that he could hide the Russian in a barrel and you would say "Malenkov is in there." His humor is as famous as his draughtsmanship, and I do not propose to show up my own inadequacy by trying to describe how funny he is. There are fourteen adults in the house where I read this new book, and there are 159 pages of pictures in this book. That makes 2,226 opportunities to show somebody one of these drawings, and if you think I missed a single one, you are clearly unfamiliar with Low's work. Any time he wants to run for Emperor of the world, he has my vote. BRUCE BLIVEN

FOUR NEW NOVELS

THREE of these novels are serious, very; one of them is funny. But when one laughs, as Shaw says, he should look for the serious point. Giovanni Guareschi, whose mode is humour, considers family life as seriously as James T. Farrell, thinks Catholicism as significant as Beatrix Beck does (though the touch of his reverence is light), cannot forget the conditioning of life by death and old age any more than Sholem Asch can. The aim of all these good novelists is to make us see, feel, think; their dissimilarity is in their talent and in their (perhaps) conditioned way of expression.

The Face of Time by James T. Farrell (Vanguard; $3.75), is as good as or better than any of the Lonigan or Danny O'Neill novels Mr. Farrell published earlier, a great improvement on the tedious naturalism of *Bernard Clare* and *This Man and This Woman*. It is about Danny O'Neill's eighth year and the old age and death of his grandfather. Despite Mr. Farrell's unvivid style and his inability to omit incidents of dubious relevance, the child Danny, old Tom O'Flaherty, his wife, and Uncle Al are memorable because Mr. Farrell has Dreiser's incapacity to be dishonest. Still one wishes Mr. Farrell could learn, as Dreiser never did, that craftsmanship is as important as integrity become literal, even though honesty is an indispensable quality.

Most of the way, Sholem Asch's novel, *A Passage in the Night* (Putnam; $3.75), about a Jewish business man who discovers his conscience as he approaches death, is as "sincere" as *The Face of Time* and somewhat better written. The son of a father excessively preoccupied with Hell, Isaac Grossman only remembers the theft to which he owes the beginning of his prosperity as the dreams of his old age reveal responsibility. His respectable, liberal children block his efforts at expiation somewhat unbelievably, but the dramatization of Isaac's increasing awareness of guilt and the exploration of its cause in his background, is very well done. It is a shame that the good first two-thirds of the novel are badly spoiled by the disentanglement, when all opposition to Isaac's credible remorse disappears unbelievably.

Mr. Asch often writes as tritely as Mr. Farrell, but he is more frequently eloquent. The fine passage about death, the frequently illuminating discussions of Judaism, the frighteningly accurate descriptions of Isaac's dreams that resemble those of any man, make this novel that ends with complacent optimism worth reading. Yet one wonders why a novelist of Mr. Asch's distinction allows himself not only the aesthetic viciousness of an unprepared ending but the philosophic depravity of uninformed slurs at psychiatry and the New Deal. Mr. Farrell may write less well but he is never stupid or callously optimistic.

Even in translation (apparently a very good one), Beatrix Beck, André Gide's last secretary and winner of the Prix Goncourt, seems a better novelist than either Mr. Farrell or Mr. Asch. With her philosophy one may find it difficult to agree, as I do, but it is impossible to deprecate her art. In *The Passionate Heart* (Messner; $3.50), Miss Beck selects incidents wisely, paces her action by doing so, expertly varies her style from the staccato sentences that portray her chief character's unbelief to the more leisurely developed sentences that follow her acceptance of Catholicism.

Barny, harassed by widowhood, anti-Semitism, and the occupation of France, has become a determined anti-theist. Led by a scarcely conscious physical desire for Father Morin, one of the most at-

HAROLD LASKI called the first edition . . . "*the best book on the subject . . . can be read by anyone . . . with real pleasure*," while the **AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION JOURNAL** said of it . . . "*the simplest and most intelligent description of the English judicial system that has yet been written . . .*"

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The Machinery of Justice in England

by R. M. JACKSON

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tractive and intelligent priests in recent fiction, she begins to desire conversion. Before her conversion becomes authentic she passes through the disillusionment of knowing that her love of God emanates from her love of His priest and that her priest finds it difficult to restrain his love (carnal) for her. Not unusual as a plot, but the admirable telling justifies it. With Graham Greene and Mauriac she deserves to rank among the best barely orthodox Catholic novelists—indeed among the best novelists.

The trouble with Miss Beck, Mr. Farrell, and Mr. Asch is that their seriousness too often resembles solemnity. As readers of Milton, Dostoievski, and Dreiser know, this is no bar to greatness. Still don't the greatest of the great know and show that comedy rubs against tragedy and that the tragic is sometimes laughable? I do not say this to set up Giovanni Guareschi as a great writer, a claim he would denounce as vehemently as I. I do say it to support my contention that Mr. Guareschi, who is merely frivolous (on the surface), delightful, and amusingly illuminating, is as good a writer as the too often solemnly serious other writers I have written about.

Mr. Guareschi's fiction, which pretends to be autobiography, is admirably described by his plausible and scientifically unbelievable wife: "nobody can be sure when you're serious and when you're joking." Ostensibly *The House That Nino Built* (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3), a novel that isn't one in any conventional sense, is about the author, his wife, his son, his daughter, and how they lived before and after they moved into a new house. No son as taciturn as Albertino, no daughter as wife-like as "the Duchess," no wife as logically illogical as Margherita, no husband and father as delightfully incompetent as Nino ever existed — regrettably.

The antics of Nino's family as they complicatedly do simple things—move a cat, quarrel over who has the best room in the new house, think about death, about mother-son or father-son relations —amuses greatly. But, after one has finished, he feels that he has learned more about environment's effects, the sense of sin, and the importance of religion from this apparently frivolous novel than he has from the dourer but still quite good novels by Mr. Farrell, Miss Beck, and Mr. Asch.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

THE RECORD REVIEW

IN HONOR of Bruno Walter's seventy-seventh birthday, Columbia Records has issued a number of Walter's Mozart readings, all of which will surely become collector's items sooner or later, although their quality is somewhat uneven. The Haffner and the Fortieth symphonies have been issued on a single disc, in a magnificently engineered recording with the New York Philharmonic. Number Forty is beautifully read, but the Haffner receives an even more distinguished interpretation, faster, livelier and wittier than Walter's Mozart of twenty, or even ten years ago.

In a record which is a delight from one end to the other, Walter conducts an excellent house orchestra in five arias from the *Marriage of Figaro* and three unfamiliar concert arias, with George London as soloist. London is one of the few singers alive whose musicianship is as great as his voice; his collaboration with Walter seems almost ideal. The recording projects the fun which is so close to the heart of the music, and seems quite effortless in its perfection.

Walter has also recorded seven soprano arias from various Mozart operas, with Eleanor Steber as soloist. Steber seems to have a pretty tough time with these pieces. She scoops, strains for notes, and is frequently seriously off pitch. Walter does an excellent job of following the lady, but his own genius for Mozartian interpretation is obviously somewhat inhibited.

Toscanini, with the NBC Symphony, has recorded a new reading of Respighi's *Pines* and *Fountains of Rome* for Victor. The two works have been got up for sale in a very fancy package, and the recording will surely represent the definitive interpretation until Toscanini decides to record them again, if he ever does. The sound of the orchestra is gorgeous, bird calls and all, but the pieces, like the Liszt rhapsodies, have little value, except as a vehicle for the display of a virtuosic performer and his instrument. In Toscanini's devotion to Italian music, he has been singularly blind to the best of modern Italian achievement; he has been sawing away at the *Pines* and pumping away at the *Fountains* for twenty or thirty years. We could all be grateful to him for bringing his powers and resources to play with the better Malipiero and Pizzetti works for a change.

Victor has released two much more rewarding "standard" modern works: Schoenberg's early *Verklaerte Nacht* and Vaughan Williams' more characteristic *Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis*. The works were performed by Leopold Stokowski with a very good, large-sounding string orchestra identified only as "his." The performance of *Verklaerte Nacht,* is the most disciplined and by far the best that I have heard. The schmaltz is all there, as it should be, but the formal elements, the understanding of which must have taken great study, are projected, so that the work seems much less rhapsodic and much more coherent than usual.

Inversely, the Vaughan Williams *Fantasia,* which is such an elaborate experiment in form, and which depends so heavily on its structure for its effect, is so grotesquely over-interpreted that the whole last half of the piece seems pointless in this reading. Anyone lucky enough to own Koussevitsky's old recording of the work will want to hold on to it, in spite of the inconvenience of the short-playing records and the lower fidelity of the recording. In his jacket-notes, Stokowski observes that "those who love beauty, deep emotion and the unseen mystery of life, will enjoy listening to it." But for those who love the seen non-mystery of life, there is always the composer's score, with its prosaic but meaningful instructions to the performer on interpretative matters. Vaughan Williams has gone to considerable pains to make his instructions as explicit as possible; it is ungracious of Stokowski to ignore so many of the composer's instructions, and not at all surprising if many of us miss both the beauty and the deep emotion of the work in his reading. As for the "unseen mystery of life," I'm not prepared to comment. Perhaps you will find it here.

New recordings of Arthur Honegger's Fifth Symphony and of Albert Roussel's ballet-suite *Bacchus et Ariane*, (RCA-Victor) make a fine vehicle for the Boston Symphony and give its conductor, Charles Munch, a wonderful opportunity to show off his affinity for the works of his French composer-*confréres*.

The Roussel work was composed in 1931, just before that composer established the great classico-countrapuntal style which was to distinguish the few remaining years of his life. This ballet is post-impressionist in flavor, but its tart and arbitrary use of dissonance and its clarity of orchestration suggest the

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brilliance of the later Roussel. At his best, however, Roussel was to become a far finer composer than this work would suggest.

The melodic integrity of Honegger's Fifth Symphony, and much of its harmonic, contrapuntal and orchestral substance, would indicate a debt to the last two Roussel symphonies. The first movement, however, exploits the polytriadic methods that had been so highly developed in America by Roy Harris ten years before the Honegger work was written in 1949. This kind of hands-across-the-seamanship was evident in Honegger's piano Concertino, and may well have occurred here. The second movement, a scherzo *à* la Russe shows the same kind of eclectic relationship to Shostakovich. It is only toward the end of the work that Honegger seems to be at all on his own stylistically.

For no apparent reason, Victor has issued an album of three long playing discs recording Artur Rubenstein's performance of all of Chopin's Mazurkas. A more sensitive reviewer will probably say that the Mazurkas represent, in miniature, the essence of Chopin's delicate imagination and show his tremendous versatility within the small form. To this listener, lining up all the Chopin Mazurkas and disposing of them one at a time is rather like popping off clay pigeons in a shooting gallery; Rubenstein dispatches them with great delicacy and authority, but he dispatches them nonetheless.

For persons like me, whose knowledge of Polish music has been confined to Chopin, Paderewski, Szymanowsky, and a handful of moderns, Vanguard's recording *Four Centuries of Polish Music* will reveal a wealth of unsuspected renaissance, baroque and classical production in Poland. None of its distinguishes itself as superior to German, French or Italian output of the same periods, but it is beautifully written and beautifully performed. ROBERT EVETT

Notes on the Critics

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. is the author of *The Age of Jackson.* WALLACE FOWLIE's newest book is a study of Rimbaud. LEON EDEL is completing his biography of Henry James. FRANCES HENNE teaches at the University of Chicago; MARY K. EAKIN is Librarian of the center for children's books at the University of Chicago. H. C. WEBSTER teaches at the University of Louisville.

COMICS FOR ADULTS

BOOK-JACKET critics know that volumes which advertise themselves as "hilarious," "laugh-crammed," "belly-tickling" and the like are usually nothing of the sort and deserve to be eschewed. Phlegmatic readers may assure themselves that nothing in the current crop of funny books is likely to provoke them to mindless or pathological behavior.

R(ichard) Taylor's pictorial study of the hangover, *By the Dawn's Ugly Light* (Holt; $1.50), is not a cheerful book. It is the end product of years of research by a man who can write, in his preface, that "the addled plight of modern man is, quite obviously, the by-product of the hangover." The fifty-six superb drawings which illustrate it show people covered with prickles, trying to read, pouring loathsome alkalizers down themselves, and trying desperately to get to the bathroom, expressing only too well the several states of mind and body which the hangover can evoke. This work is as important as Mr. Taylor's linguistic studies (*Fractured French,*) and will appeal to much the same audience.

William Steig's *Dreams of Glory* (Knopf; $2.95) is, except for its curiously austere preface, as cheerful a book as you would want to find. It consists not only of the *New Yorker* drawings of the small boy surrounded by grateful, admiring adults, but also of a number of previously unpublished *Dreams,* with generous assortment of miscellaneous drawings added as a bonus.

Readers of the *New Yorker* will also be familiar with most of the pieces in *Thurber Country* (Simon and Schuster; $3.75). As always, this compendium of Thurberiana owes its charm to the personality of its author, who talks about himself most of the time—about almost being arrested in France, about his life in Columbus, Ohio, about his complicated involvements with machines. The book also contains some fanciful stories and some celebrated correspondence.

In an opening essay, Mr. Thurber observes: "I have a special wariness for people who write opening sentences with nothing in mind, and then try to create a story around them. These sentences, usually easy to detect, go like this: 'Mrs. Ponsonby had never put the dog in the oven before'."

Perhaps Mr. Thurber had in mind the kind of short prose composition that would never appear in the *New Yorker* but does, somehow, get into *Punch.* Mr. William Cole has collected a vast number of these little pieces in a book, *The Best Humor from Punch* (World; $3.50), chosen—as we are constantly reminded—"for Americans by an American." Although the reader isn't told so, all this humor is of recent vintage; it doesn't even go back as far as the Stephen Potter heyday, and the title is, at the outset, misleading.

Most of the writing doesn't pass the Thurber test. Mrs. Ponsonby is constantly putting the dog in the oven and not knowing what to do with him. The average piece in this collection begins with a startling sentence, rattles around furiously for two or three pages, and stops, abruptly and pointlessly, with a line like "Purbright guffawed," or "I would gladly purchase one of his mudguards for my wife's bicycle." Frequently, the Punch-line is an outrageous pun, such as this: "I wish him to be able to say to people 'Massa's seen the cocoa ground'."

The best of this collection is its light verse, and one superb prose piece, "Science: is it instinct or reason?" by one D. Brock. The Brock is worth the price of the book, as it proves conclusively, in a documented study of twelve tests, that scientists are stupider than marmosets.

A far more entertaining collection of Puncheries is *Emmett's Domain: Trains, Trams and Englishmen* (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50). Rowland Emmett draws in a style reminiscent of Dürer, as fussy and fancy as ever you please. His subject matter is consistently, in Potter's terminology, plonk. The most that can be said about Emmett's work is that it can be welcomed with great pleasure in a country already pampered by Steig, Steinberg, Addams and Taylor.

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From Our Readers

► Adlai in Georgia

The protest by a Southern liberal in your Nov. 9 issue is good medicine for Northern liberals and the central leadership of the Democratic Party. True, we in the North are "less than well-informed" about Southern problems, laws, and economics." It becomes, then, the increased responsibility: (a) of Southern liberals to write, as did our friend in the *New Republic,* to many organs of dissemination, including the National *Democratic Digest;* (b) of Northern liberals to make common cause with their Southern counterparts in vigorous opposition to the "Generals"; (c) of the National Committee, including the Chairman, never for a moment to let the liberals, especially Southern, down—in closeness of communication, and in joint mapping of the lines of progress, immediate and long-range.

The dualism which is the crux and finesse of all politics lies in this protest: it is the relation of part to whole, both as to goal and interplay. It has to do with realistic distinctions between levels and functions; with timing and postponement; with priority of values, local and national, in their bearing on party unity, strength and survival. As Stevenson would say (and doubtless Kefauver), "there's no easy answer."

Can the Democratic Party hope to win without its large, traditional body of Southern Democrats ranging from extreme Dixiecrats to extreme liberals, with interrelated shadings and admixtures in between—the largest group being a needy, semi-awakened majority? It's the old story of the "leaven and the lump." When should the leaven revolt to the point of exodus? When give up hope of transforming the lump from within? And as our Southern friend concludes, it is also the story of "new wine and old bottles."

Stevenson set anew the standard not to sacrifice truth in order to win an election. The tremendous support for Stevenson, in face of the odds, is at the same time witness of the power of this principle and a sign for the future. It evidently seems now to some Southern liberals that truth is losing to expediency—as it seemed to us in Wisconsin, when McCarthy and Eisenhower talked from the same train platform about "honesty in government." Is Talmadge as unspeakable as McCarthy? I don't know—it's probably a matter of degree—but I do know that Eisenhower had opportunity to express himself *before* an election, and help lift the cloud of ignorance through which a majority of Wisconsin communities were fumbling. Stevenson has no such opportunity: in this Georgia situation the present official roles are a condition of operation from the national level. Political maturity would seem to require that our Southern liberal friends understand the unpalatable limitations imposed on party leaders who must come in from this direction. We can be sure the "acceptance" of such as Talmadge is technical and temporary, not qualitative and permanent.

Old-time political expediency that considers the liberal minority "expendable" should, of course, be past. It is possible for party leaders to be intelligent enough to carry on a dual movement or set of relations and communications: give continuing moral support to its local liberals and at the same time keep them fully apprised of what seems for the time being to be national necessity, fully reassured that the dealings with present officialdom will be used with integrity, for a party unity which moves toward the liberal goals.

The "lump" is in fact changing. However, to mix our metaphors; if the "leaven" of the fine leadership of our Stevensons and Kefauvers should not penetrate in time, the ferment of Southern liberalism will somehow "bust the bottle." But let's give the leavening process a chance!
Outagamie County, Wis. CHRISTINE WISE

Clearly Adlai Stevenson should go anywhere or everywhere—including Georgia, USA, where freedom of education reigns; or Georgia, USSR, where there ain't no education, and the children slaughter their parents.

On the other hand, it is getting tiresome to me for the Democratic Party to be flirting with people who are opposed to the Democratic Party. For my own part I will not work with the enemies of the Democratic Party (Shivercrats or such) *because I would be working against Stevenson*—and for that matter against any Democratic nominee, inc., Kefauver, an excellent man, and a lot of others. Nor am I going to beg around and humiliate myself to get contact with the national party in Washington nor *any* of its candidates, while they cuddle up to Dixiecrats, crypto-Republicans and others who mortally hate and despise our party.

So far as I am concerned my advice to people is going to be to organize for Democratic victory; no candidate will be worse than the Republican will be. This includes not making any trades where we give up our principles; and a lot of people who wanted a change—and they sure got one—will vote Democratic next time. In the meantime we must trust Adlai Stevenson to go anywhere. We should not engender fear among ourselves as to the propriety of Adlai flying to the moon (or either Georgia) if he wants to. If Ad went to hell, Texas, Brooklyn or one of the Georgias he would come back still in favor of democracy and would still be a good man. Let's trust Ad, and each other.
San Antonio, Texas MAURY MAVERICK

I can see nothing more to be deprecated in Adlai Stevenson's appearance before the Georgia Legislature than in the decent Democrats of New York City to line up with Tammany to elect Bob Wagner, Jr., not that I would give three cheers about that either. And why shouldn't Adlai go to one of the few states that did give him a majority?
Greenville, Miss. HADDING CARTER

► "Strength to Your Arm"

I've been an off and on reader for some time; but I have not been a subscriber because it seemed to me (a Democrat) that you were so closely identified in spirit with Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson that you were unwilling to criticize them vigorously for fear of giving aid and comfort to their enemies. As a consequence, or at least so it seemed to me, your stands on civil liberties, and on the weaknesses of our foreign policy, were more equivocal than they ought to be.

But in the last few months I have been immensely cheered by your increase in fighting spirit, and I am now solid. I am encouraged to see you pressing for realistic and honest negotiation with the Russians and Chinese. I like the reports of Frank Gorrell, whose picture of European opinion is much closer to the one I got last year than was that of your previous correspondent (Mr. Winner). Above all, I am glad to see an end of the "We-are-all-good-and-they-are-all-bad" attitude with which I felt you used to approach the Russian and Communist problems.

Enclosed is a check. Good luck to you; strength to your arm.
New York, N. Y. JOHN C. HOLT II

► Governors Make Good Presidents?

I agree with Professor Binkley's statement in the November 16 issue that many of our good Presidents had previously been Governors, but when he says that in the famous Schlesinger poll "not one

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of the Presidents without gubernational experience was rated above average," he overstates the case. In that poll, John Adams was rated "near great" and Jackson, Washington and Lincoln were rated as great. None of the above men served as Governor.

Hollywood, Calif. BERNARD SINSHEIMER

► A Good Friend

I hope your subscription list is growing. I mail the copy I get to friends. I have a list of about eight that I alternate in sending my copy to. I hope some of them will become readers and thereby learn to help in the battle.

West Allis, Wis. ART SCHMIDT

► The Only Magazine

Being a subscriber who was lured in by means of a gift subscriber (for which I shall ever be grateful), I am all in favor of that method of increasing your circulation. Attractive gift introductory subscription offers such as you have been providing recently are good inducements for your "regulars" to spread the good word without undue expense.

I think NR is now the only magazine among the too many I take which I read cover to cover.

Palo Alto, Calif. PETER V. LEE

Bandwagon

The president of the American Medical Association Sunday called the Veterans Administration under its present patient policy a "threat to private enterprise."

. . . "The high cost of medical care," he said, "is due largely to the cost of high hospital care and this is due to federal competition. – *The Houston Post, October 26, 1953*

. . . *La Dernière Innocence*, by Célia Bertin . . . is the story of the small, beautiful, implacable widow, rich and middle-aged, of a great poet—someone on the level of Valéry, perhaps. To keep intact his and her exalted domestic legend, she attacked his love for another woman until he died broken-hearted, his genius killed. By suave dominance, she then literally destroys the lives of two of her daughters, since they commit suicide, drives her third daughter to ferocious social deviations, and reduces her son to cautious stupidity. Not that it is a gloomy novel. It is, on the contrary, exciting and stimulating. – *From the New Yorker, November 21, 1953*

Commenting on reports that Midwest farmers were disturbed about private power's becoming the only source of electricity, Secretary of Interior McKay said: "These people have been agitated by certain people going around and holding meetings and telling these stories." He said he is opposed to the government's policy of supporting such projects as the Tennessee Valley Authority. – *The Chicago Sun-Times, November 23, 1953*

Whenever possible, Diane Wells was at his side. Beautiful, expertly groomed and dressed in the most expensive furs and jewels, she gave every indication that theirs was a perfect marriage. – *From an account of a murder in Alaska in the New York World Telegram, November 9, 1953*

When Defense Secretary Wilson said recently that "we were dumb enough to turn over the whole German submarine fleet to the Russians" after World War II, he did not mean we actually had turned the whole German submarine fleet over to the Russians, the Defense Department explained today. – *The Washington Evening Star, November 25, 1953*

Sen. Roland V. Libonati (D, Chicago), a West Side Blocster . . . bitterly attacked the Chicago Crime Commission bill to stiffen the perjury laws. Libonati shouted that the bill "destroys the integrity of a man who lies under oath." . . . He observed that "if you keep on improving criminal law, you will destroy justice." – *The Chicago Sun-Times, June 14, 1953*

. . . The recent celebration of the October Revolution dispelled the legend that the new rulers were trying to play down their previous association with the dead leader. The memory of Stalin was honored, as was natural from the Russian point of view in the case of a man who in one of the gravest periods through which the country has passed played a unique historical role. – *From an article by J. Alvarez del Vayo in the Nation, November 21, 1953*

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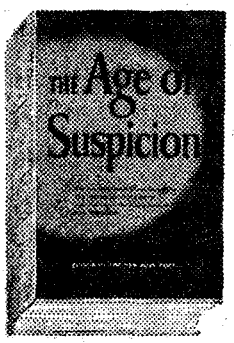

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- *The Age of Suspicion* strikes heartening notes of democratic faith and fortitude in a time of troubles. It is a wonderfully readable book . . . —Arthur Schlesinger Jr., *New Republic*

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, the *New Republic,* in a set of "New Year's Resolutions for 1942 . . . new to live by in wartime," said:

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2. *We must never tolerate any barrier to our utmost effort*
3. *We must never cease to be vigilant*
4. *We must never fear our own people*
5. *We must never compromise the principles for which we fight*
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